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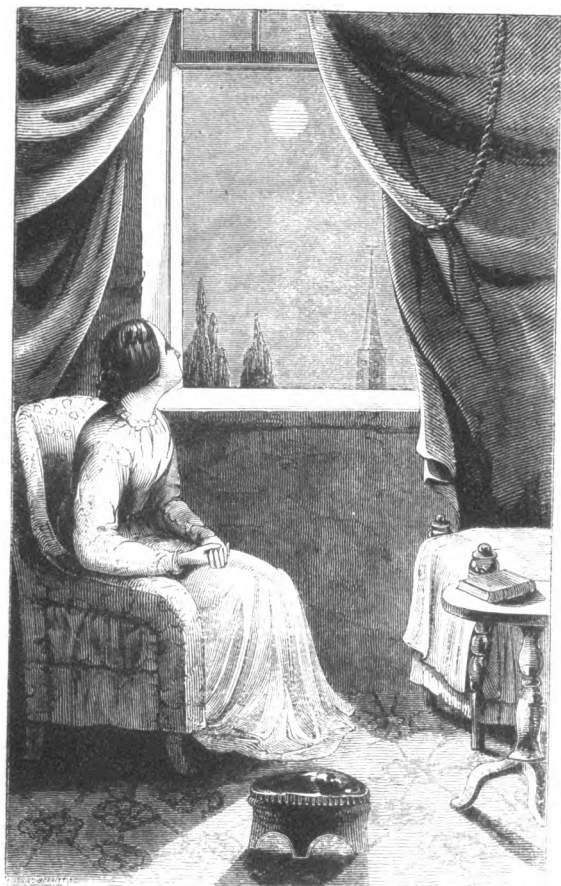
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Ye shall have a song as in the night — Isa 30, 29. p. 172

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SONGS IN THE NIGHT;

WITH THE

SUPPLEMENT,

AND

A REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE LIFE OF
THE AUTHOR,

SUSANNA HARRISON,

A YOUNG WOMAN GREATLY AFFLICTED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

~~~~~  
"Who giveth songs in the night."—JOB xxxv. 10.  
~~~~~

SEVENTH AMERICAN EDITION.

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P R E F A C E .



THE writer of this publication was a very obscure young woman, quite destitute of the advantages of education, and the subject of great bodily affliction. Her father dying when she was young, and leaving a large family unprovided for, she was sent out to service at sixteen years of age, in which station she continued until August, 1772, when disorders seized her which baffled the power of medicine and skill of physicians. But God, who is rich in mercy, was pleased, in love to her soul, at the beginning of the affliction, marvelously to manifest himself; and from that time instructed her in the things pertaining to his kingdom, as the following poetic performances, which were originally printed from her own hand-writing, in some measure witness. They are such as will ever

be held in high estimation by evangelical Christians, and may be commended to the candid and curious, as the efforts of uncultivated genius, connected with the spirit of true piety. It is not to be expected that the language should, in every instance, exhibit grammatical accuracy and rhetorical beauty, and be entirely free from provincialisms. Where these are found, they have, like other parts of the original, been faithfully retained, that the reader might have a true presentation of the effusions of a mind self-instructed, and laboring under other, and very great disadvantages. In view of these circumstances, her uniformity of sentiment, her propriety of language, and the smoothness of her versification, are confessedly remarkable.

The pious reader will be pleasantly and profitably entertained, in the perusal of this little volume. Made up of matter strictly evangelical, it breathes the spirit of genuine devotion, and is a fit companion for the closet; especially to those whose circumstances in life do not admit of reading much besides the Bible.

Owing to modesty, these poems were first

published without the name of the author ; but in compliance with the solicitations of her friends, she, in a subsequent edition, gratified public curiosity by drafting the following acrostic :—

S hall I presume to tell the world my name ?—
U p to this hour, I glory in my shame !—
S o great my weakness that I boast of might :
A fool in knowledge, yet in wisdom right :
N o life, and yet I live ; I'm sick, and well ;
N ot far from heav'n, though on the brink of hell :
A nd words, and oaths, and blood delight me well.

H ow strange ! I'm deaf, and dumb, and lame, and blind,
A nd hear, and see, and walk, and talk, you find.
R obb'd of my dearest Friend, I'm truly poor ;
R iches immense I always have in store :
I 'm fed by mortals ; but let mortals know,
S uch is my food, no mortal can bestow :
O h ! how I long to die, and wish to live !—
N ow, if you can, explain th' account I give.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

I.

NEW YEAR.

RAPID my days and months run on ;
How soon another year is gone !
How swift my golden moments roll ;
How much neglected by my soul !

Let me begin with holy fear
This new, this fleeting, flying year ;
Too many unimproved have pass'd—
This year, perhaps, may be my last.

Give me, great God, an heart to pray ;
Let all old things be done away ;
Give me new strength to conquer sin,
And plant new holiness within.

I ask new wisdom for this year,
New fitness for my trials here ;
Of every grace a richer store,
My God to love and honor more.

This year, O sheath war's direful sword !
Let every nation serve the Lord ;
Visit thy Church, and may she bear
Much glorious fruit this blessed year.

II.

FAST DAY, FEB. 27, 1778.

O THOU, who shin'st in bright abode,
Ineffable in glory—God !
Angels thy majesty adore,
And devils tremble at thy power.

O thou, most holy, wise, supreme,
Just to revenge, strong to redeem !
Enlarge our hearts before thy throne,
While o'er a guilty land we mourn.

A land of violence and strife,
Regardless of a peaceful life ;
A land whose guilt for vengeance cries ;
Full of oppression, vice and lies.

O thou, whose condescending grace
Shines glorious in a Saviour's face,
Now, for his sake, bow down thine ear,
Avert the judgments that we fear.

O thou, whose goodness we've abus'd !
Whose love and mercy we've refus'd,
Guilty before thy face we stand,
And ask forgiveness at thine hand.

O thou, whose wisdom's all divine,
No counsel stands so firm as thine ;
Thou God of order and of peace,
Command this dreadful war to cease.

Bring the contending parties near,
And reconcile us in thy fear,
That we may yet securely rest,
A nation by Jehovah blest.

III.

A MORNING HYMN.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."—*Psa.* v. 3.

HOW should the morning of my days
Be spent in humble prayer and praise,
To him who gave me life and breath,
And still preserves my soul from death.

God has from sleep restor'd my sight—
I'll praise him for the morning light ;
For his protecting grace I'll pray,
To guard and keep me all the day.

I'll still resolve to seek his face,
And praise him for redeeming grace ;
I love his name, I love his word,
I love to commune with the Lord.

Up to his throne I'll lift my eyes—
He will regard my early cries ;
He will not frown my soul away—
He loves to hear his children pray.

To him I'll dedicate my days,
Then shall I prosper in my ways ;
And whilst my calling I pursue,
His praise shall terminate my view.

O may his condescending love
Still draw my heart to things above ;
That I among his saints may know
The joys of heav'n begun below.

IV.

AN EVENING HYMN.

"Send out thy light and thy truth."—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

GOD of my days, God of my nights,
Source of my soul's supreme delights,
Come, manifest thy love to me,
And let me close this day with thee.

Nearness to Christ I fain would find,
O, let not distance vex my mind :
I long to know my sins forgiven,
To converse with the God of heaven.

Send, source of light, some cheering ray,
To turn my darkness into day ;
I mourn, and think thy absence long ;
O, listen to my evening song.

Command my blindness to depart,
Still keep me from a careless heart ;
Lord, captivate each vain desire,
And raise these vile affections higher.

O let the mercies of this day
Teach me to praise, as well as pray ;
Now take my soul on Jesus' breast—
Thy safest, sweetest, surest rest.

V.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BEGONE, my worldly cares, away !
Nor dare to tempt my sight ;
Let me begin the ensuing day
Before I end this night.

Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue ;
Begin, my soul !—thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame ;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

Jesus ! how pleasing is the sound !
How worthy of my love !—
Why is my heart so lifeless found ;
Why plac'd no more above ?

Forgive my dullness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers ;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T' improve the sacred hours.

On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

VI.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

A WAKE, my heart ! my soul, arise !
This is the day believers prize ;
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care—
Another may not be thy share.

O solemn thought !—Lord give me pow'r
Wisely to fill up every hour ;

O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above !

Jesus assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil ;
To glorify thy matchless grace ;
To see the beauties of thy face.

Go with me to thy house, to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray ;
Like dew, command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quick'ning, saving all.

Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love ;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from the Saviour's breast.

Give to thy Church a large increase,
Send her prosperity and peace ;
May all the saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy day !

VII.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

LET me adore his boundless grace,
His condescension and his love,
Which taught my soul to seek his face,
And drew my heart to things above.

Fain would I sing, and praise the Lord ;
Oft has he bless'd me in his house :
Fain would I live upon his word,
And keep my oft-repeated vows.

Yet would I mourn, with conscious shame,
What sin my holiest duties stain ;
My best performances are lame,
And all, without the atonement, vain.

Christ's righteousness alone I plead,
And cast my offerings at his feet ;
His merits must for me succeed ;
Through him, acceptance I shall meet.

Thanks to his name, his cov'nant love
Remains unalterably strong ;
I shall his great salvation prove—
He is my light, my life, my song.

My heart is now his blest abode,
I love his ways, his name revere ;
Soon shall I mount the hill of God,
To spend an endless Sabbath there.

VIII.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace."—*Lk. ix. 6.*

TO us, to us a child is born—
Arise, and hail the glorious morn !
Come, let us praise the God of heav'n—
To us, to us a son is giv'n !

To us, the guilty race of man,
He comes ! an infant of a span !—
O, let us sing his wond'rous love,
Which brings salvation from above.

He comes, all potent to sustain,
In government, an endless name ;
Sinners, rejoice, and spread his fame,
In counsel, Wonderful his name.

The mighty God, the Prince of peace,
Whose kingdom never shall decrease ;
The everlasting Father's come—
How strange !—a servant from the womb !

With angels let our souls adore
The virgin's Son, the Prince of power ;
Jesus ! with praise inspire our tongues,
And then accept our grateful songs.

All praise to God for grace divine !
The hymn let saints and seraphs join ;
Let heaven with hallelujahs ring,
While we adore our new-born king.

IX.

THOUGHTS AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

NOW let my faith look through her fears,
And view my dearest Lord,
Groaning, in agonies and tears,
That I might be restor'd.

Methinks I see the thorny bands
That tore his sacred head ;
His pierced side, his wounded hands,
With blood his vesture red.

'Tis with a melting heart I view
His body broke for sin ;

That murderer my Saviour slew,
And put his soul to pain.

For crimes and vices not his own,
A sacrifice he fell ;
For me, vile rebel, to atone,
He bore the pangs of hell !

For me his table now is spread,
And each believing guest ;
Richly set forth with living bread,
And wine of truth and grace.

Here peace and pardon sweetly flow—
O what delightful food !
Here is a balm for all my wo,
With every needful good.

Here is a righteousness divine,
And sin-subduing grace ;
Here every blessing meet and shine
In my Redeemer's face.

Each was the purchase of his blood,
For sinners such as me ;
All glory to my dying God,
For grace so rich and free.

'Twas his own love that spread the feast,
'Twas love that made him die ;
His love hath made my soul a guest,
And raised my thoughts on high.

Jesus, I bless thy sacred name,
For favors so divine ;
All that I have, and all I am,
Shall be forever thine.

X.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. xv. 13.

NOW may the God of boundless grace,
The God of hope and love,
Fill each believing soul with peace,
And every doubt remove.

Let the bright views of Jesus raise
Our songs divinely high ;
And while our tongues repeat his praise,
Let Grief stand silent by.

Rejoice, ye sons of God, rejoice,
And doubt his love no more ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
And his rich grace adore.

Rest on his word, forever rest,
And glory in his name ;
He'll clothe the troublers of your breast
With everlasting shame.

Boneath your feet he'll shortly tread
The subtle tempter down ;
'Gainst you no weapon shall succeed,
While Jesus wears the crown.

Your hope and trust he'll ne'er deceive—
Raise, raise your voices higher ;
O happy souls who thus believe !
He'll grant your whole desire.

XI.

"Herein is love."—1 John iv. 10.

COME view the field of love divine,
Where I delight to rove and glean;
How pleasant to this soul of mine!

What spices blow, what joys are seen!

I'm lost in admiration here—

Is this the garden of my God?

What fragrant balm is that so near?—

'Tis pardon, sprinkled with rich blood.

Is this the manner of his love?

Did he, to screen my guilty head,

Leave those celestial joys above,

To suffer vengeance in my stead?

Methinks I see the dreadful sword

Plung'd in his body on the tree;

But why, O why, my dearest Lord,

Why this extreme expense for me!

Why this excruciating pain?

Why wilt thou suffer, bleed and die?

Why part with blood from every vein,

To save a wretch so vile as I?

O let my soul adoring bend;

Here is profound, stupendous love,

Too vast for me to comprehend,

Too vast for all the saints above.

Yet I would fain more fully know

That thou art mine, more clearly see;

By faith engrafted, let me grow,
Thou root and spring of life, like thee.

Make me a plant of thy right hand,
Thy full salvation let me prove ;
In paradise I then shall stand,
And live forever in thy love.

XII.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—*Heb. xiii. 8.*

IS Jesus evermore the same ?
Lean, then, my soul, upon his name ;
O bid thine unbelief be gone,
And learn to live by faith alone.

View his unchanging mercy here,
Jesus the same from year to year ;
From age to age enduring still ;
The same in goodness, power and skill.

His pity saw th' expiring thief,
And chang'd, for endless life, his grief ;
His grace is now as rich and free
As when he hung upon the tree.

Still his compassion is the same
To all that love and fear his name ;
Stronger than death his truths abide,
And none can turn his love aside.

No time can alter his decrees,
Nor change his precious promises ;

His word shall stand through endless day,
When heaven and earth are pass'd away.

But O, how weak my faith appears,
How prone to yield to doubts and fears ;
Mistrusting, when I'm chang'd in frame,
That Jesus is not still the same !

Why do I act so vile a part,
And grieve my dear Redeemer's heart ?
Establish, Lord, my wav'ring mind,
And keep my unbelief confin'd.

O help my faith to soar above,
To rest in thine unchanging love ;
Thy faithfulness I now adore—
Ne'er would I grieve my Saviour more.

XIII.

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."—*Prov.* viii. 17.

O HAPPY souls that love the Lord,
He will return you love for love ;
All needful grace he will afford
To such as seek the joys above.

They in his kind protection share ;
He is their Father and their friend ;
Jesus will soften all their care,
And help in every trouble send.

He views their graces with delight,
He stands engaged to do them good ;

Their souls are precious in his sight,
Bought with the price of his rich blood.

Who would not serve so kind a God ?
Who would not learn to trust his name ?
Who would not tremble at his rod,
And fly to hide them near the Lamb ?

O come, and taste his matchless love ;
Ye young in years, come seek the Lord ;
Ask now for wisdom from above,
And God your wishes will regard.

Your early cries shall please him well,
O let not sin your souls ensnare ;
Come, shun the paths of death and hell ;
Religion's noblest pleasures share.

Jesus is worthy of your love ;
O let him have your **FIRST** regard ;
Nor let your youthful passions rove,
Till you can say you love the Lord.

So shall your growing years be blest,
The Church shall over you rejoice ;
Jesus himself shall be your rest,
While angels glory in your choice.

XIV.

"Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—*Mal.* iv. 2.

GOOD news these blessed words impart
To every humble, trembling heart ;
Good news to all that fear the Lord,
To all that trust his sacred word.

Tidings of health, of peace, of joy,
To those whom Satan's darts annoy ;
O let my soul this news embrace,
And wait the coming of his grace !

Jesus, the Sun of righteousness,
Will rise, and scatter my distress ;
I shall behold the King of kings,
With health bright beaming from his wings.

One smile from him, like noon's display,
Shall turn my darkness into day ;
One look of love from him shall raise
My doubts to faith, my prayer to praise.

He will arise, my fears assuage,
And shine, in spite of Satan's rage :
Soon shall I see the glorious Son,
And sing the wonders he hath done.

XV.

" Ask what I shall give thee."—1 Kings iii. 5.

SHOW me the soul to doubts expos'd,
(To such this question is propos'd,)
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow ?

Say what thy wants, and what thy woes ;
Dost thou in me thy trust repose ?
Art thou my friend, sincerely true ?
Speak, for thy springs of thought I view.

Art thou to seriousness inclin'd ?
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy mind.

Dost thou want love to Jesus' name ?
Ask, and his matchless love proclaim.

Dost thou want peace and pardon seal'd ?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd.
Dost thou want faith and holy fear ?
Ask, and behold the blessings near.

Dost thou want strength, 'gainst sin to fight ?
Ask, and I'll make thee strong in might.
Dost thou want light, and life divine ?
Ask, and eternal life is thine.

Wilt thou be made completely whole ?
Ask, and I'll renovate thy soul ;
This instant ask, arise, and pray,
Nor lose such blessings by delay.

XVI.

" But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—*Phil. iv. 19.*

RICHES immense are in thy hand,
Thou God in whom I trust,
In whom I live, by whom I stand,
Most holy, wise and just.

O how extensive is thy grace,
How rich, how full, how free !
The needy thou delight'st to raise—
I'll tell my wants to thee.

I want to fear thy sacred name,
I want to love thee more ;

I want to feel that heav'nly flame
Which I have felt before.

I want to know myself aright,
To hear what Jesus saith ;
I want repentance in thy sight,
I want a stronger faith.

I want to have my soul resign'd,
Submissive to thy will ;
I want a meek, an humble mind ;
I want my wants to feel.

I want a chaste and single eye—
Thy gracious ear incline—
From fullness infinite, supply
This empty soul of mine.

Through Jesus let these blessings flow,
He bought them with his blood ;
Now let a worthless sinner know
Thy promises made good.

XVII.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

TO him, to him whose love hath wrought
More than I ever ask'd or thought ;
To him my powers aspire to raise
A grateful song of humble praise.

'Twas he that sought me from above,
When quite a stranger to his love ;
When rushing blindfold down to hell,
He saw, and caught me as I fell.

To him, to him be glory giv'n,
 Who taught my soul the way to heav'n;
 To him be praise, through endless day,
 Who guides and keeps me in the way.

Praise him, ye angels round the throne,
 Whose blood did for my sins atone;
 He is your glory and your boast;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

XVIII.

LET praise employ my heart and tongue;
 Let grace, free grace, be all my song,
 While life and breath remains:
 In this sweet work I love t' engage;
 And when I quit this earthly stage,
 I'll sing in nobler strains.

XIX.

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."—*Matt. xii. 29.*

JESUS, the great, the mighty God,
 A man of griefs became;
 In paths of meekness here he trod,
 And bore the sinner's shame.

Humility, how bright it shin'd
 In every act he wrought;
 What lowliness of heart and mind
 Appear'd in all he taught.

Love to the human fallen race
 Glow'd in his tender breast:

For man he yielded to disgrace,
Forsaken and distress.

Led as a lamb to meet the sword,
He bow'd beneath the stroke ;
Not one revengeful, angry word,
The dear Redeemer spoke.

O may his meekness be my guide,
The pattern I pursue ;
How can I bear revenge or pride,
With Jesus in my view ?

XX.

"Pride goeth before destruction."—*Prov. xvi. 18.*

LORD, search and try this heart of mine,
Put every sin to death ;
I long to see my pride resign
Its pestilential breath.

I dread its power, I hate its name,
Its sad effects I fear :
Extinguish, Lord, this dang'rous flame,
Nor let one spark appear.

Hide it forever from mine eyes,
Its hellish rage control ;
Lest wrath destructive from the skies
Consume my guilty soul.

In dust and ashes I would lie,
As less, as worse than nought,
And mourn, that such a wretch as I
Should have one haughty thought.

Form, Lord, each motion of my heart
 Obedient to thy will;
 In thee the humble soul has part,
 My breast let meekness fill.

XXI.

"If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established."—*Is.* vii. 9.

ATTEND, my soul, and trembling hear;
 This awful truth demands your fear;
 Persisting still to disbelieve,
 No hope nor grace can you receive.

Attend to what th' ETERNAL saith,
 And pray incessantly for faith;
 Lest, in an awful, hast'ning hour,
 You fall, to be restor'd no more.

Pray for that faith which stands sincere,
 Which strives till death to persevere;
 That faith which treads the tempter down,
 Which apprehends the heavenly crown.

That faith which gladdens all the heart,
 Cleansing the soul through every part;
 That faith which justifies, which draws
 The will t' obey Jehovah's laws.

That faith which works inspir'd by love,
 Shed by the Spirit from above;
 That faith which can the cross sustain,
 And sing in poverty and pain.

Faith which can Satan's schemes destroy,
 And fill the soul with constant joy;

Which sees its path in darkest night,
And keeps the heavenly port in sight

O precious faith ! may I be found
Establish'd on its happy ground :
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in faith and love.

Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul ;
I'm well secur'd on every side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my rock, my guide.

XXII.

" Thus saith the Lord : Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might ; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord."—Jer. ix. 23, 24.

LET not the learned and the wise
Extol the wisdom of their minds ;
'Tis folly, in Jehovah's eyes,
Whose wisdom in perfection shines.

Let not the noble and the strong
Presume to boast their borrow'd might,
Lest God, to whom all power belong,
Their stubborn joints with weakness smite.

Let not the rich in pride grow bold,
Or glory in their fading store ;
Lest God, in anger, curse their gold,
And make their souls forever poor.

Thus saith the Lord of all below :
" Let no one boast before my throne,

Except in this—he's taught to know
That I am God, and God alone !"

Make this your glorying in his sight,
That, by his teaching, you can trace
The things in which his thoughts delight—
His truth, his justice and his grace.

To him your impotence confess,
Mourn and lament your daily wrongs ;
And make his strength and righteousness
Your frequent and your joyful songs.

XXIII.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee ; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—*Job xliii. 5, 6.*

OFTEN, great God, I've heard of thee,
As righteous, just and wise ;
But now thy holiness I see,
And sink in deep surprise.

My soul, with reverence adore ;
How awful is the sight !
Let me presume to speak no more
Of excellence so bright.

Ten thousand tongues in vain pretend
To tell what thou hast wrought ;
God, and his glorious works, transcend
The utmost reach of thought.

Lost in the search, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
My conduct I review ;
And, self-abhorr'd, through Jesus' name,
For pardon humbly sue.

My sad impatience I lament ;
 How dare I to complain !
 O could I screen my discontent—
 O call it back again !

How could a sinful wretch presume
 To murmur and repine ;
 How justly, Lord, might thou consume
 This guilty soul of mine !

Asham'd, I lothe myself in dust,
 Unholy and unclean ;
 Thou, Lord, alone art good and just,
 O pardon all my sin.

XXIV.

“ What man is he that seareth the Lord? Him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.”—*Ps. xlv. 12.*

I FEAR the God of heaven and earth ;
 All sinful ways, my soul, refuse ;
 I fain would tread the narrow path ;
 Lord, teach me in the way I choose.

I choose the way that leads to God—
 The way of holiness and love ;
 The way of faith in Jesus' blood,
 Mark'd and appointed from above.

The prophets trod this holy ground ;
 This is the road believers go ;
 Th' apostles in this way were found—
 I charge my soul to tread it too.

My weakness urges me to pray ;
Lord, guide my steps, my path make plain,
Conduct me in the heavenly way,
Nor let me supplicate in vain.

Now in the strength of God I'll go,
In haste, to reach that welcome shore,
Where all is happiness—where wo,
And sin and sorrows are no more.

May Jesus own me, in that day,
As one belonging to his fold,
Who held, through grace, in wisdom's way,
Ordain'd his glory to behold.

The worthy Lamb, that shed his blood,
Shall then receive the highest praise ;
He brought my wand'ring soul to God—
Angels, extol his sovereign grace !

XXV.

“ Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.”—
Ps. cxix. 92.

GOD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song ;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

When guilt pursues my troubled breast,
His word I will receive ;
He tells me where my faith must rest,
And helps me to believe.

When darkness overspreads my mind,
His Word supports me still ;

I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

When sore temptations vex my soul,
I think upon his Word;
Some promise then my fears control,
And leads me to the Lord.

When, for my sin, my heart is broke,
And tears my grief disclose,
Thy Word directs me to that Rock
Whence peace and pardon flows.

Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's Word I trust—his arm is strong—
His wisdom bears me through.

Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favors so divine;
Who taught my thoughts to soar above,
And made these blessings mine.

Had not thy Word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief—
No other help remain'd.

XXVI.

I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me."—*Job* x. 2.

CONDEMN me not, most gracious God,
Let not thy sore displeasure burn;
Do not destroy me with thy rod,
Nor at my feeble offerings spurn.

Give me the knowledge of my heart ;
Release me from this heavy yoke ;
Show me the cause of all my smart,
Why must I bear this cutting stroke ?

What is it that provokes thine ire ?—
Is there some idol I must yield ?
Sure, in my heart some base desire,
Some dreadful evil, lies conceal'd.

There's surely some beloved sin,
Could I but find the deadly foe,
Has crept, and lurks securely in—
Fain would I mourn, and hate it too.

Lest it should sink my soul to hell,
Search me, O God, in every part ;
Let not one sin in secret dwell ;
Search me, and show me all my heart.

Let me be stripped of all my pride,
I'll not regard how coarse my fare ;
Let me with Christ be crucified,
If but his favor I may share.

Though pinching poverty prevail,
Although the fields should yield no meat,
The labor of the olive fail,
If Christ is mine, my joy's complete.

XXVII.

"Thou God seest me."—*Gen. xvi. 13.*

THOU God of justice and of grace,
Who would not fear thy name ?

Thine omnipresence fills all space,
Thine eyes through nature flame.

No secret thought can ever shun
The notice of thine eye ;
From thee concealed no act be done,
For thou art ever nigh.

Thine eye surveys the ground I tread,
Whene'er I rove abroad ;
Within the curtains of my bed,
I lie in sight of God.

O be this solemn truth inscrib'd
Forever on my heart,
Lest vile deceit should be imbib'd,
And I from truth depart.

Give me, O Lord, this holy fear,
For 'tis a gift divine ;
The soul that views thee ever near,
No evil can design.

XXVIII.

"If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments, if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments: then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips."—*Ps. lxxxix. 30-34.*

WELL may I groan beneath thy stroke,
From whose commands my heart has
stray'd ;
Lord, I have all thy statutes broke,
Nor have I strictly one obey'd.

Although enlighten'd from above,
I've caus'd thy Spirit to depart;
Have sinn'd against both light and love;
Made Jesus' wounds afresh to smart.

Where shall I hide my blushing face?
My guilt awakes my grief and fears;
How have I sinn'd against thy grace,
My base ingratitude appears.

Chasten'd, but not destroy'd, I stand
Convinc'd my God doth all things well;
I'll kiss the rod, and bless the hand
That keeps me from the lowest hell.

Mercy is mix'd with all my woes,
My heart, rebellious, to subdue;
God no injustice can impose—
View'd with my crimes, his stripes are few.

Though he afflicts, his love is sure,
His covenant he'll ne'er revoke;
His faithfulness is too secure,
To alter what his lips have spoke.

While he corrects I'll plead his grace,
His oath, confirm'd and seal'd with blood;
Herein my confidence I'll place;
He cannot cease to be my God.

XXIX.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii. 28.

OFT has my soul in secret bless'd
Affliction's chast'ning rod;

It weans me from the creature's breast,
And brings me near to God.

When I can take believing views
Of his mysterious ways,
I can each murmuring thought refuse,
And celebrate his praise.

Contented, then, I can resign
To trouble, loss or shame ;
Convinc'd all things for good combine,
To those that love his name.

I love, and fain would love him more,
Whatever woes assail ;
All things subserve his sov'reign power,
His wisdom cannot fail.

When, thou Desire of nations, when
Shall I have this request ;
To fight no more, no more to sin,
But in thy presence rest ?

XXX.

"The Lord killeth and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up."—1 Sam. ii. 6.

TREMBLE, my soul, fall down before
Jehovah, infinite in pow'r !
Tremble before eternal might ;
No flesh may glory in his sight.

'Tis he that animates thy clay !
Life, death and hell his voice obey ;
'Tis he destroys, 'tis he can save,
'Tis he that rescues from the grave.

He wounds, and he alone can heal;
 He sends, and cures the pains I feel:
 'Tis God, and I'll adore his name,
 Whose pow'r revives my dying frame.

Justice afflicts and love relieves,
 My soul from him her help receives;
 From him all comforts we derive,
 Faith he bestows, and keeps alive.

Faith can perceive, in darkest hour,
 Eternal wisdom join'd with pow'r;
 Justice go hand in hand with grace,
 And truth and mercy keep one pact.

XXXI.

'Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts.'—Zech. xiii. 7.

THE triune God above,
 And Lord of all below,
 To sinners shows his love,
 Displays his justice too.

"Awake, awake, vindictive sword,
 Against my fellow!" saith the Lord.

"Awake against the man
 Omnipotent in power,
 To execute my plan,
 Lost mortals to restore:
 Man has a load of sin so great,
 None but my Son can bear the weight.

"Him vengeance shall pursue ;
For man he must atone ;
To justice what is due
His blood can pay alone.
He shall my righteous law fulfil ;
He shall accomplish all my will."

The Lord of hosts commands,
Th' eternal Father spoke ;
All heaven in silence stands,
While Jesus bears the stroke.
See, guilty mortals ! see, his side
For you was pierc'd ! for you he died.

Draw near th' accursed tree,
In wonder lost, that love
Could rise to that degree,
Your sentence to remove !
With weeping eyes, his sorrows view ;
He groan'd, he bled, he died for you.

O let him have your hearts ;
Your blessings shall increase :
To his he still imparts
Both righteousness and peace.
His grace shall all your sins subdue ;
He groan'd, he bled, he died for you.

Bought by his precious blood,
You are no more your own ;
Give up yourselves to God.
And live to him alone :
Jesus will bear you conq'rors through ;
He groan'd, he bled, he died for you.

XXXII.

SALVATION'S work is done ;
The law is all obey'd :
To God the Father, God the Son,
Be endless honors paid.

All glory to his name,
Who hung upon the tree ;
Let the whole earth repeat the same—
He bled and died for me !

XXXIII.

TO him that brought salvation nigh,
Let praise incessant rise ;
Raise, saints, your hallelujah's high,
Above the lofty skies.

Praise God, from whom your comforts flow ;
Sing your Redeemer's love ;
Praise the eternal Spirit, too,
Who taught you from above.

XXXIV.

" God thundereth marvelously with his voice."—*Job xxxvii. 5.*

THE rain descends, the tempests rise—
My soul, his majesty adore !
Jehovah's voice sounds through the skies,
While lightnings flash and thunders roar.

I sit becalm'd while others fear—
The God of thunder is my all ;

It is my Father's voice I hear,
Nor shall I by his thunder fall.

No; while his lightnings flash around,
Although the earth's foundations move,
I stand secure on faith's firm ground,
I rest in his unchanging love.

Nothing shall fright my soul from God—
Should he the skies this moment rend,
He is my only safe abode,
My Rock, my Refuge, and my Friend.

XXXV.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—*Rev. i. 7.*

BEHOLD, he comes, the Saviour comes,
Dress'd in his bright array;
Awake, ye saints, and burst your tombs,
And view the glorious day.

He comes, attended from on high
With thousands; through the skies
His glory shines, and every eye
Shall see him with surprise.

Lo, in the clouds the Judge descends,
With his illustrious train;
Sinners he severs from his friends,
And dooms to endless pain.

He comes to make his justice known,
To vindicate his word;
The guilty view him on his throne,
And wail before the Lord.

Till now, they never sought his face,
Nor wept for sin before :
O, how tremendous is their case !
They weep, to laugh no more.

Once they despis'd his glorious name,
And set at nought his worth ;
But now they feel, with bitter shame,
His fierce, vindictive wrath.

They now behold the saints rejoice,
And mount above the skies ;
These praise the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And triumph as they rise.

Yes, and my soul shall bear her part
In their melodious song ;
My Saviour's grace shall tune my heart,
His love inspire my tongue.

XXXVI.

" God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—
Gal. vi. 14.

LET others, wrapt in self-conceit,
Boast in their wisdom and their wit ;
Let them extol their gold and dross,
I'll glory in my Saviour's cross.

While the self-righteous, blind and rude,
Cry up their native rectitude ;
I'll seek revenge on all my pride,
And boast in Jesus crucified.

While they, with curses on their heads,
Talk of their justice and their deeds,

I choose to sit at Jesus' feet—
And self-abasement is my seat.

Hither I'm brought by sov'reign grace ;
I bless the means, and love the place ;
I bid all earthly joys begone,
And glory in my Lord alone.

Here could I tarry night and day,
Here could my soul forever stay ;
O may I never, never rove,
Nor glory, save in Jesus' love !

XXXVII.

"And the cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it."—
Deut. i. 17.

TURN, O my soul, from Moses turn,
Behold, a greater far is here—
The God of Moses !—of him learn,
In all things him obedient hear.

Yes, the great God vouchsafes t' invite
His servants to his throne of grace,
With words which surely must delight
The souls of all that seek his face.

"Freely," methinks he says, "make known
Your difficulties all to me ;
I'll meet and bless you at my throne,
I'll hear and answer ev'ry plea.

"What ! have you broke my righteous laws ?
And are you overcome with fear ?

Is guilt, that most distressing cause,
Too grievous for your souls to bear ?

“ With this approach your mighty God,
I’ll hear your suit whene’er you pray ;
Yes, and my own all-powerful blood,
Shall wash your load of guilt away.

“ I never intercede in vain,
Although I intercede for all ;
I hear, well pleas’d, when souls complain
Of sin, and for forgiveness call.”

O what encouragement for thee,
My poor, desponding, drooping soul !
Hear, and by faith to Jesus flee,
And he will all thy fears control.

XXXVIII.

“ Look unto me, and be ye saved.”—*Is.* xiv. 22.

LOOK unto me, the Saviour cries ;
Behold, in me your help is found ;
Look, sinners ! look with steadfast eyes ;
I have a balm for every wound.

Look unto me, and me alone ;
Look now, while I inviting stand,
Your advocate before the throne,
With life eternal in my hand.

To me your sin-sick souls resign,
I’ll save them from the lowest hell ;
All power in heaven and earth is mine,
And in my presence they shall dwell.

Ye mourning souls that fear my name,
I've heard your groans, I've seen your tears;
Look up to me!—I bore your shame,
And I forbid your gloomy fears.

Look, sinners! look, sinners! and adore;
I am your Prophet, Priest and King:
Look, and be joyful evermore;
Look, and complete salvation sing.

XXXIX.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God."—Phil. iv. 6.

LET all my anxious cares begone,
Why should they now disturb my breast?
My soul confides in God alone,
And in his gracious promise rests.

There is a rich and full supply,
In the broad cov'nant of his love;
Then let my groans ascend on high,
To bring the blessings from above.

O for a heart that loves to pray,
That loves to converse with the Lord;
Fain would I cast my fears away,
And live by faith upon his word.

On God I'll cast my every care,
To him my every want make known:
When troubles come, in humble prayer
I'll spread them all before his throne.

I would with gratitude adore
His matchless, condescending grace;

And charge my heart—repine no more,
No more refuse to seek his face.

XL.

“And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”—Matt. xxi. 22.

O SOUL-REVIVING word!

Let all my fears begone ;
Let me, by faith, address the Lord,
And bow before his throne.

O why should unbelief
Stay the Almighty's hand ;
That hand which holds my sure relief,
Though earth and hell withstand.

My soul, believe and pray—
Without a doubt believe—
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We shall in truth receive.

He stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent ;
To fervent, persevering prayer,
He'll every blessing grant.

Pray, then, for pardon now,
And sin-subduing grace ;
For strength entreat, and wisdom too,
So shall you each embrace.

For faith, in faith I'll pray,
This glorious promise plead,
And God, through Christ, will soon convey
The blessings which I need.

XLI.

“ Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly.”—/’s. cxxxviii. d.

HIGH in the heavens doth God reside ;
None can his perfect beauty trace ;
His glory shines on every side ;
Before him, angels veil their face.

His condescension he displays,
Their purest offerings to approve ;
How, then, should it our wonder raise—
Mortals are called to share his love !

Mortals, who have so oft rebell’d
Against the offers of his grace ;
His threat’nings at defiance held,
And dar’d the Almighty to his face.

Yet strange ! all gracious, from above
God stoops, to bring such rebels nigh,
Allures them with the cords of love,
And shows them where their help doth lie.

Then they in dust confess their sin,
Believe and tremble at his word ;
They mourn their natures all unclean,
Repent, and turn unto the Lord.

Then God his sov’reign grace displays,
Flies o’er the mountains of their guilt,
And pardons all their sinful ways,
Through Jesus’ blood, on Calv’ry spilt.

To such he looks with tender care,
And stamps his image on their heart ;

O happy souls ! his love they share,
Nor shall his favor e'er depart.

XLII.

"Walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise."—*Eph. v. 15.*

THIS blessing, Lord, to me impart,
O make me circumspect in heart !
Let not hypocrisy and guile,
My soul's interior powers defile.

O make me wise, celestial Dove !*
Wise, as a sharer in thy love ;
Wise, to believe and trust thy word,
To honor Jesus as my Lord.

May grace divine be still supplied,
My soul's director, guardian, guide ;
Lord, let thy honor be my end,
In all the labors I attend.

I want that lively zeal for God
Which loves to spread his praise abroad ;
Let this, and not the praise of men,
Inspire my muse, and guide my pen.

Jesus, do thou direct my walk,
Inspire my thoughts, dictate my talk ;
O give me faith and holy fear,
Make every act of mine sincere.

I'd leave the prating fool to boast ;
Let me lie humbled in the dust.
Lord, keep me ever at thy feet ;
I'll freely choose the lowest seat.

* Addressed to the Holy Ghost, of which the dove is a scriptural emblem.

XLIII.

“ To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.”—
Rom. viii. 6.

BY holiness and watchful care
Be vain desire confin'd ;
Guard, O my soul, against this snare—
A carnal, earthly mind.

This will be death to all thy joys,
'Twill give new life to pain ;
'Twill cause distressing fears to rise,
And wound thy Lord again.

Satan would triumph in the sight,
And chain me down to sense ;
Then must I mourn, in gloomy night,
Till Jesus brings me thence.

O for invigorating grace,
To raise my soul above ;
O for that heavenly-mindedness
That Satan cannot move !

Peace, constant then, serene and full,
Would like a river flow ;
Courage divine would arm my soul,
And bear down ev'ry foe.

How would my faith triumphant rise,
And leave the world behind ;
How would I soar above the skies,
And scorn to be confin'd.

The world in vain should tempt me down,
I'd laugh at ev'ry snare ;

I'd aim at nearness to the throne,
For my Redeemer's there.

Descend, immortal Dove, descend,
And bear my heart away ;
Let life and peace my soul attend,
Till heav'n completes my day.

XLIV.

" Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee."—*Jer. l. 8.*

WHY should the dread of sinful man
Ensnare and vex my soul ;
O for that fortitude which can
My ev'ry fear control.

Shall I offend a holy God,
And sacrifice my peace,
To shun a mortal's threat'ning rod,
A friend or two to please !

Hard is the task, I must confess,
Where duty thus confines ;
Nor can my soul escape distress,
Though she to God inclines.

Fain would I please both friends and foes,
And follow peace with all,
Nor to one frown myself expose,
But where 'tis duty's call.

I must obey the God I love,
Though all the world contemns ;
One smile from him I prize above
The richest earthly gems.

Hark, O my soul, methinks I hear
Jehovah's awful voice :

"Fear not, thou worm, for I am near ;
I will defend thy choice.

"While mortal men revile and frown,
I'll smile upon thy soul ;
And thou shalt tread the tempter down,
While I his rage control.

"Trust thou in my almighty name,
Nor let thy faith be weak ;
Thy soul shall ne'er be put to shame
Whilst thou my glory seek."

Lord, I resign me to thy will,
Thy wisdom I adore !
I yield to thee—thy word fulfil,
And let me doubt no more.

XLV.

"Even so ye also, outwardly, appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of
hypocrisy and iniquity."—*Mat.* xxiii. 28.

DECEIVERS will affect t' appear
Like something good and great ;
Religion as a cloak they wear,
And think themselves complete.

Against impiety and vice
They will exclaim aloud ;
In lesser things, how strict and nice,
That men may call them good.

Among the saints they'll join in prayer,
With looks demure and grave ;

Devoutly read when men can hear,
And think each duty brave.

But O, their hearts are all unclean,
All filthy and impure,
Full of hypocrisy and sin—
There Satan reigns secure.

Strange to themselves, estrang'd from God,
How awful is their state !
Soon must they feel his vengeful rod—
What woes their souls await !

Tremble, my soul, with holy fear,
And dread deceit and guile ;
Lord, make this heart of mine sincere,
Obedient to thy will.

XLVI.

“ The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.”—*Prov. viii. 13.*

NOW, whilst I try my heart
By this unerring word,
My conscience can assert,
I truly fear the Lord :
I cannot tread the paths of sin—
I long for holiness within.

Yes, holiness of heart
I would more largely share ;
I mourn, with inward smart,
The evils that are there :
I hate my thoughts, because they're vain,
I would from ev'ry sin abstain.

I hate this wretched pride,
These covetous desires ;
I'd have them crucified,
For God my heart requires :
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
Make me still more sincere and true.

I'd live alone to thee,
I love t' obey thy word,
Well pleas'd that thou should'st be
My Saviour and my Lord :
To thee I now resign my heart ;
Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

XLVII. •

" Love your enemies ; bless them that curse you ; do good to them that hate you."—
Matt. v. 44.

LORD, captivate my ev'ry thought,
I'll then delight to do thy will ;
I love the doctrines thou hast taught,
And they shall lead and guide me still.

For thy dear sake I love my foes,
And seek their happiness with care ;
I fain would do some good to those
Whose hatred, unprovok'd, I bear.

While they revile my worthless name,
Do thou defeat each base design ;
And, lest their malice end in shame,
Their anger turn to love benign.

Bring them, O Jesus, to thy throne,
Let them thy pard'ning mercy prove ;

To them thy glorious self make known,
And set their hearts on things above.

Bless them with ev'ry Christian grace,
Inspire their souls with holy joy;
So shall their wrath to love give place,
And nobler thoughts their minds employ.

Be this my sweet revenge on those
Whose envy treads me in the dust;
I'd dwell in peace with all my foes;
My friends I'd seek among the just.

XLVIII.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou in grace excel;
Wouldst thou enlarge thy store?
Use what thou hast with liberal zeal,
And God will give thee more.

Let not thy sacred talents lie
Conceal'd beneath the ground,
But bless thy fellow-Christians, by
The treasures thou hast found.

Comfort the feeble and oppress'd
With tokens of thy love;
Then shall thy soul be well refresh'd,
And water'd from above.

Show kind affection, special care,
To the afflicted poor;
Give freely what thou hast to spare,
And God will give thee more.

The lib'ral heart, the lib'ral hand
Jehovah deigns to bless ;
By such he will most surely stand,
And keep them from distress.

XLIX.

"A certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him."—Luke vii. 2.

GRACE will to every duty bind ;
It forms the hearts of men sincere ;
It sweetly humbles all the mind,
And then in acts it will appear.
It makes the meanest servant just,
Willing, obedient, wise, discreet ;
Worthy of confidence and trust,
And diligent, without deceit.
Was the centurion's servant such,
Who won his master for his friend ?
Yes, or he'd ne'er been lov'd so much—
What blessings faithful souls attend !
He sought the honor of his God ;
Approv'd his station and his fare ;
The paths of honesty he trod,
His Lord's good pleasure his chief care.
Ye that are servants, seek for grace,
If to your masters you'd be dear,
And thus fill up your humble place ;
Serve them in faith, with holy fear.
Labor while Heav'n allows you strength ;
Let all your work to God be done ;
A sure reward shall come at length,
When faithfully your race is run.

L.

"The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge."—*Prov. xv. 14.*

WHERE is the understanding heart,
That seeks to act the wiser part ?
What is the knowledge he requires ?
What are the things his soul desires ?

He seeks to know himself aright,
As seen in his Creator's sight ;
He seeks repentance for his sins ;
'Tis here true wisdom first begins.

Earnest he seeks Jehovah's face,
And longs to feel the power of grace ;
He shuns the sins he lov'd before,
And strives to hate them more and more.

He seeks for pardon through the blood
Of Jesus, the incarnate God ;
He seeks that faith which works by love—
This is the wisdom from above.

He seeks to prove his faith sincere,
And guards his soul with holy fear ;
He seeks to be approv'd of God,
And loves to spread his praise abroad.

This is the knowledge he requires,
And God will grant his pure desires ;
Jesus will bless him from the skies,
And make him to salvation wise.

LI.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—*Matt. v. 6.*

THIS promise is to sinners made—
To sinners such as me ;
Lord, I would come, and humbly plead
This promise now with thee.

I see my heart is all unclean,
Its hardness oft I mourn ;
I thirst for holiness within,
For perfect love I burn.

How are my wand'ring thoughts bewail'd,
How odious in my sight ;
When shall my spirit be regal'd
With pure, divine delight.

Fain would I love my Saviour more,
And live upon his word :
I would believe, I would adore,
And banquet with the Lord.

My hungry spirit longs to feed
On truth and righteousness ;
I am all emptiness and need,
Lord, fill me with thy grace.

O, Fount of excellence, draw near,
Or bear my soul above,
That I may feast on heavenly fare,
And triumph in thy love.

LII.

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."—John xv. 17.

AM I indeed born from above ?
Do I partake of Jesus' love ?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.

Fain would I love his person more,
And God, in all his works, adore ;
O may his love our heart inflame
With love to all that love his name.

Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me !
Dear, as the purchase of his blood ;
Dear, as the favorites of God.

Jesus to us his love doth show,
And bids us love each other, too ;
But O how little love sincere
Is found in great professors here !

What anger, pride and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell !
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory, and its power ?

Come, heavenly Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love ;
That we may say to all mankind,
" See how those love whom Christ has join'd !"

LIII.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'—*Rev. ii. 10.*

LORD, is not this my own desire,
That I may faithful prove ?
I'd fight with sin, and never tire,
Till death my soul remove.

The easy work that I have here
I faithfully would do ;
And when the hardest tasks appear,
I would be faithful too.

Jesus, enrich my soul with grace,
And guide me in thy ways ;
That I may fill my humble place,
To thine eternal praise.

I'd do and suffer all thy will
With patience and delight ;
Duty to all I would fulfil ;
By all I'd fain do right.

Faithful I'd lay this body down,
And yield it to the grave ;
Faithful I'd rise and take the crown,
And sing thy power to save.

LIV.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."—*Eph. iv. 29.*

YE highly favor'd, who profess
To love and practice holiness,
You stand expos'd to earth and hell,
And seriousness becomes you well.

Be circumspect in all your ways,
And spread your great Redeemer's praise;
Let his commands be your delight—
This is well-pleasing in his sight.

Labor to prove your faith sincere,
In purity and holy fear;
Let all your conduct still express
The truth and pow'r of godliness.

Look up to him whose blood was spilt
To purchase pardon for your guilt;
His grace can all your sins subdue,
And help you both to will and do.

O love and reverence his name,
And let his glory be your aim;
So shall your souls escape distress,
And glory in his righteousness.

LV.

"Make thy face to shine upon thy servant."—*Ps. xxxi. 16.*

LORD, what am I without thy love?
Without thy smiles I cannot rest;
Shine, Light effulgent, from above,
And with a word pronounce me blest.

Break through the darkness of my mind,
And drive the powers of hell away;
I cannot bear to be confin'd;
My spirit longs for brighter day.

Nothing will please me but thy smile;
Not all the wealth this earth affords

Can give my soul contentment while
I find such distance from the Lord.

Favor of princes and of kings,
The smiles of angels from on high,
To me, are mean, insipid things,
If God in anger pass me by.

Jesus, regard me from above ;
My soul, wit' all its pow'rs, is thine ;
My life depends upon thy love ;
O make thy face on me to shine.

I will again repeat the cry,
Importunate ; till thou appear,
I will refuse all other joy,
Till I can feel my God is near.

LVI.

'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ; who can know it ?"—
Jer. xvii. 9.

THIS wretched heart will still backslide ;
O what deceit is treasur'd here !
'Tis made of vanity and pride ;
What fruits of unbelief appear !

My base ingratitude I mourn,
My stubborn will, my earthly mind ;
My thoughts, how vain ; to rove, how prone ;
To ev'ry evil how inclin'd !

Who can, amongst the sons of men,
Find out the vileness of my heart ?
None can the depths of guilt explain—
'Tis all corrupt through every part.

Could creatures look into my breast,
How would they gaze with strange surprise !
They'd hate me with a sore detest,
And turn away their frightened eyes.

But what are creatures, Lord, to thee !
They can't forgive one single sin ;
Were they dispos'd to pity me,
They could not work one grace within.

To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan ;
O cleanse this filthy sink of sin !
Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone ;
O condescend to make me clean.

I plead for mercy at thy feet ;
Make me inflexibly sincere ;
Purge me from guile, from all deceit,
And fill my soul with holy fear.

LVII.

"Lord, be merciful unto me ; heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee."—Ps. xli. 4

WILL God be merciful to me,
And hear my soul complain ?
Shall I indeed his goodness see,
Or must I pray in vain ?

No, let this thought forever fly,
God will in mercy hear ;
In mercy answer when I cry,
Nor disregard my prayer.

Lord, let thy mercy now appear,
And calm my troubled mind ;

Proclaim thyself before me here,
 "God, merciful and kind!"

O heal my sick and wounded soul,
 Physician only good!
 One word of thine can make me whole,
 One drop of Jesus' blood.

Forgive my guilt, for I have sinn'd,
 I'm vile in every part;
 Heal the diseases of my mind,
 And renovate my heart.

LVIII.

"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee."—
Ps. lvii. 1.

BE merciful, O God, to me;
 Thy mercy is my only plea;
 Look with compassion on my woes,
 And let not judgment interpose.

Guilty before thy face I stand,
 And fear thy sin-avenging hand;
 Hell is my just desert, I own,
 But mercy plead before thy throne.

Mercy, through Jesus crucified,
 I ask, and can I be denied?
 Mercy, O God—I ask no more—
 Thrust not my soul from mercy's door.

O God, as powerful as just,
 In thee, in thee alone I trust;
 Vain does the help of man appear,
 Vain is the help of angels here!

Nothing will give my spirit rest,
 Till pard'ning mercy makes me blest :
 Behold, I faint beneath thy frown ;
 Send, send the cheering cordial down.

LIX.

"O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"—*Matt. xiv. 31.*

COME, O my doubting soul, attend
 Unto thy Saviour's call ;
 Come, tell thy great, almighty Friend,
 Why is thy faith so small ?

Why all these unbelieving fears ?
 Jehovah's arm is strong ;
 O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
 And turn them to a song.

Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
 Thy portion and thy all ?
 Is Christ thy captain and thy Lord,
 And shall thy hopes be small ?

Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
 And thus abuse his care ?
 Why wilt thou grieve the heavenly Dove,
 And yield to every snare ?

In Jesus every grace is found ;
 Why wilt thou not believe ?
 He hath a balm for every wound ;
 Why wilt thou not receive ?

His arm can conquer ev'ry foe,
 His grace can sanctify ;

Amen, amen ; Lord, be it so,
 Let my corruptions die.

Sin is the cause of ev'ry fear,
 O keep me from its power ;
 Slay the accursed monster here,
 That I may doubt no more.

LX.

"His anger endureth but a moment ; in his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xli. 5.

THINE anger, Lord, how short the stay,
 Slowly it comes, and flies away
 Swift as the darkness of the night,
 When morning brings the cheering light.

My soul again shall bless thy name,
 Whose power and love are still the same ;
 Yea, through thy awful frowns, I trace
 Unutterable plans of grace.

Too oft have I transgress'd thy law,
 And forced thy Spirit to withdraw ;
 I mourn—again thy love appears,
 To heal my wounds, disperse my fears.

My God, thou art immensely kind,
 Life in thy favor still I find ;
 Thy love is an exhaustless store,
 O let me grieve nor doubt no more.

Lord, take and keep my wand'ring heart,
 Let me no more from thee depart ;
 That I no more may feel thy frown,
 Nor tempt nor force thine anger down.

LXI.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt. v. 3.*

COME, each desponding, drooping soul,
You who desire to seek the Lord,
Whose thoughts in sad dejection roll,
Who tremble at his awful word.

Come, banish ev'ry slavish fear,
Let Satan flee, for God is true ;
Let unbelief no more appear—
This promise is for such as you.

For you that trust in Jesus' name,
For you that mourn your helplessness ;
Who see your poverty and shame,
And all your sins with grief confess.

Jesus himself proclaims you blest,
His word forever stands secure ;
You on his faithfulness may rest,
His love forever shall endure.

O live by faith in him alone,
Jesus will lead you safely through ;
Believe and hope, as well as mourn,
Himself hath taken care of you.

For you he pleads his precious blood,
For you—the favorites of Heaven !—
Lift up your heads, ye sons of God !
Sing, for your sins are all forgiv'n.

LXII.

"Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising: Thou understandest my thoughts afar off."—*Ps. cxxxix. 2.*

THOU art acquainted with my heart,
 O thou omniscient God!
 Thou know'st my ev'ry wand'ring thought,
 What devious paths I've trod.

O, 'tis in vain for me to try
 My num'rous thoughts to screen;
 No sin escapes thy searching eye,
 Unnotic'd or unseen.

Then let me call my follies o'er,
 And mourn before the Lord,
 That I have liv'd to him no more,
 No more obey'd his word.

Lord, smite the flinty rock within,
 And let my sorrows flow;
 And whilst I mourn and hate my sin,
 Do thou thy mercy show.

O bring a pardon to my hand—
 A pardon bought with blood;
 And may I never more offend,
 Nor sin against my God.

LXIII.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—
Heb. xii. 1, 2.

LORD, can a helpless worm like me,
 Attempt to make her way to thee?

Yes, let me raise thy praises high—
In weakness, thou canst strength supply.

'Twas by thy grace I first begun,
Resolved the heav'nly race to run ;
'Tis grace corrects me when I stray,
'Tis grace upholds me in the way.

Run on, my soul, and still adore,
Receiving still, still asking more ;
In Christ thy strength and wisdom lies,
O look to him with steadfast eyes.

Look to that blood thy Saviour shed,
Thy Daysman, dying in thy stead ;
Behold him on th' accursed tree !
Great was the love he bore to thee.

He who thus lov'd thee unto death,
Will love thee to thy latest breath ;
Keep sight of him, my soul, and run—
He'll crown thee when thy race is done.

LXIV.

“ Draw me, we will run after thee.”—*Cant. i. 4.*

LORD, I confess my guilt and shame,
Which separates my soul from thee ;
Yet the remembrance of thy name
Is dear, supremely dear to me.

Break down the separating wall ;
O rid me of this earthly mind ;
My soul would soon obey the call,
And run and leave her fears behind.

Jesus, allure me by thy grace ;
Why should I grovel in the dust ?
Thee would my arms of faith embrace,
Thou art the object of my trust.

Draw me from unbelief and pride,
From every sin, from every snare ;
Fain would I in thy chambers hide,
And banish ev'ry mortal care.

With thee, my Lord, I would retire,
And spend the remnant of my days.
Draw me ; I burn with strong desire :
Draw me, and I will sing thy praise.

Draw me, my Jesus, with thy love,
I cannot bear thy awful frown ;
O draw my heart and soul above,
And let me tread the tempter down.

LXV.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."—*Ps. cxv. 1.*

LORD, 'tis enough, at length I own
By me no good was ever done ;
O let thy dark, mysterious ways,
Excite my gratitude and praise.

In mercy thou hast hid thy face,
In mercy, too, restrain'd thy grace ;
Helpless I laid beneath the rod,
Nor could I speak or think of God.

I sent the Spirit griev'd away,
Nor could I meditate or pray ;

Without my Teacher and my Guide,
Mourning, I laid thy word aside.

But, O my soul, adore the grace,
Jesus again unveils his face !
Glory no more in meaner things,
In him alone are all thy springs.

Now can I read and pray again ;
Can contemplate, or use my pen :
Now can I see each heavenly thought
Is by the Holy Spirit brought.

Not unto me reward is due,
The work is God's, the glory too ;
"Not unto me" is still my song—
To God alone all praise belong.

LXVI.

"By grace are ye saved."—*Eph.* ii. 8.

NO more of works I vainly boast,
Nor so employ my tongue ;
Jesus alone is all my trust,
Free grace my only song.

'Twas not in me to seek his face,
Nor did I ask his love,
Till he, by his all-powerful grace,
First drew my thoughts above.

My free-will chose the beaten road
That leads to endless pain ;
I walk'd with pleasure there, till God
Inclin'd me to refrain.

He saw me helpless and undone,
 A rebel dark and blind,
 And led me to his blessed Son,
 A better way to find.

By whose rich grace alone I stand,
 Kept by his high, mighty power,
 Through which I trust, e'er long, to land
 On the celestial shore.

Then shall I leave all sin's remains,
 And view his glorious face,
 And sing, in more exalted strains,
 The freedom of his grace.

LXVII.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—*Luke* xix. 10.

WHY, O my soul, these gloomy fears?
 Why all these sighs, and groans, and
 tears?

O why this God-dishonoring grief?
 Why all this wretched unbelief?

Though helpless in myself I lie,
 And lost to all eternity,
 Yet shall I triumph o'er the grave,
 Since Jesus came to seek and save.

To save poor sinners such as me—
 To set the captive pris'ners free—
 To comfort those that mourn—to heal
 The wounds of all who misery feel—

To save the ruin'd and undone—
 To seek the lost;—Lord, I am one!

I see, and mourn my guilt, with shame;—
To seek out such the Saviour came.

Then let my gratitude abound,
I once was lost, but now am found;
I once was dead, but now I live :
Praise, praise is all that I can give.

LXVIII.

" Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—*Rev. v. 12.*

ALL glory belongs to Jesus alone,
To Jesus the Saviour who sits on the throne;
To Jesus, whom angels and seraphs adore;
To Jesus, salvation ascribe evermore.

How worthy the Lamb on mount Calvary slain,
Who triumph'd o'er death, and is risen again!
How worthy of blessing, and glory, and praise!
The highest ascriptions archangels can raise!

All wisdom and honor to Jesus belongs,
He shall have the plaudits of ten thousand
tongues;
Yea, infinite numbers with joy shall proclaim,
Through ages eternal, his excellent name.

His mercy my thanks and astonishment raise;
I cannot be silent in Jesus's praise;
My soul shall adore him who bled on the tree,
Who laid down his life as a ransom for me.

While on earth I remain I'll show forth his
praise,
And aim at his honor the rest of my days;

And when I get home to his mansion above,
All heaven shall ring with the shouts of his love.

LXIX.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

LET all the heavenly hosts rejoice,
And let the earth be glad;
Let sinners sing with cheerful voice,
Let saints no more be sad.

Sing of that boundless, matchless grace,
That pitied helpless man;
Adam, rejoice—thy fallen race
Are rais'd to bliss again.

So we, the sons of men belov'd,
(O wonder and adore!)
That God's own Son our curse remov'd,
When we could hope no more.

The only darling of his heart
Jehovah did not spare,
But gave him up to bleed and smart,
Our punishment to bear.

What could the Lord of glory see
In such a guilty race,
That he should thus consent to be
The Author of our peace?

Why for such traitors did he bleed,
When angels were pass'd by?
Here let my admiration feed,
And waft his praises high.

Praise him, ye seraphs round his throne,
 Who bled upon the tree;
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 Let heaven and earth agree.

LXX.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."—*Psa. xix. 14.*

LORD, is it not my soul's desire
 To honor thee in all thy ways?
 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
 So shall thy grace have all the praise.

Thou know'st I'm ignorant and weak,
 Prone to prefer the thing that's wrong:
 I often think, and often speak,
 And then reprove my heart and tongue.

Jesus, my Wisdom, make me wise,
 That I may please the God I love;
 In thee the hidden treasure lies—
 Teach and instruct me from above.

Holy in heart I fain would be;
 Now let my meditations spring,
 And flow acceptable to thee,
 My Priest, my Prophet, and my King.

LXXI.

"Sin shall not have dominion over you."—*Rom. vi. 14.*

NOW let my faith grow strong and plead
 This promise all divine:
 This is, indeed, a time of need
 With this poor soul of mine.

Show me, O God, thy smiling face,
 Nor leave me to my foes;
 Pity my case, and let thy grace
 My troubled thoughts compose.

Hear and regard my earnest cries,
 And answer when I call;
 Jesus, arise, and send supplies,
 Or I shall quickly fall.

Look how I groan beneath the weight
 Of sin's oppressive yoke;
 O how I hate this load so great—
 When shall this chain be broke?

O why should sin oppress me so,
 And draw my heart from thee?
 Lord, smite this foe, and bid it go,
 And set thy captive free.

My soul depends upon thy word,
 And pleads thy faithfulness;
 New strength afford, my dearest Lord,
 And I will praise thy grace.

LXXII.

"Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath."—*Eph* iv. 26

O LET me lay my anger by
 And bid my wrath begone,
 Or from it let me rather fly,
 Before the setting sun.

Can comfort in my bosom rest
 When I in anger speak?

Let me with tenderness be blest—
Lord, make me truly meek.

Lest I should wear a false disguise,
Or once malicious prove,
O make me as the serpent wise,
And harmless as the dove.

Still let me guard my heart with care,
And every passion curb,
Lest pride should get dominion there,
And sin my peace disturb.

LXXIII.

"He fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live."—*Jonah* iv. 8.

WHY, Jonah, does thine anger rise?
Whence that ungrateful frown?
Impatience ill becomes the wise;
O why so fretful grown?

What though thy pleasant gourd is gone,
If so thy Maker's will;
The hand that rais'd and pluck'd it soon,
Can well defend thee still.

What though expos'd to storm and wind,
Or parch'd with sultry heat?
So God appoints; be thou resign'd,
And worship at his feet.

My soul! thou art the Jonah here;
To thee alone I speak;
Alas! how little canst thou bear!
Why is thy faith so weak?

Wilt thou, when tried, like him complain,
And murmur, and rebel ?
O think how light is every pain,
Compar'd with those in hell !

Wilt thou despise a Father's rod,
And say, "'Tis best to die ?"
How canst thou think to fly from God,
Who fills immensity ?

Ah ! cease, vain wretch ! repine no more,
God is supremely wise ;
Believe his love, his grace adore,
And wipe thy weeping eyes.

Or rather drop an humble tear
O'er thy unruly will ;
Look up to God for strength to bear,
And he 'll support thee still.

LXXIV.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?"—*Ps. cxxxvii. 4*

UNFERTILE, intricate and strange
Is this world's wilderness,
Where woes unnumber'd take their range,
And sin, and sad distress.

My harp is on the willow hung,
My soul opprest with fear,
How then can Zion's song be sung
In strains melodious here ?

Led captive by the law of sin,
I groan beneath its yoke,

Nor can I reach the things divine,
Till this vast chain is broke.

Where can a captive pris'ner flee,
In bondage and exile ?
Earth is a prison, Lord, to me,
When thou refuse to smile.

How can I raise my thoughts above,
Or bow this stubborn will ?
How can I sing of Jesus' love,
If thou his love conceal ?

While I in grief and fears complain
And think thine absence long ;
Satan insults me with disdain,
And asks me for a song.

Help, Lord, nor let thy grace delay,
I trust alone in thee ;
O drive the troops of hell away,
And set thy pris'ner free.

Jesus, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
And then I'll raise my voice ;
Glory to God shall be my song,
While all my powers rejoice.

LXXV.

COMPLAINING OF SPIRITUAL DESERTION.

WHAT ails this vile, deceitful heart ?
Why do I thus from God depart ?
O how unstable do I prove !
How false and fickle is my love !

Wretched, I wander from the Lord,
His ways neglect, and slight his word;
Let sin and vanity invade,
And break the solemn vows I made.

Sure none are so defil'd with sin;
None so unholy and unclean!
O'ercome with pride and every ill,
Viler I grow, and viler still.

In sad desertion now I mourn;
The Lord, my Comforter, is gone!
Offended, griev'd, he hides his face,
Nor can I see one glimpse of grace.

My mind what clouds of darkness veil,
Terrors on every side assail;
By guilt oppress'd, enslav'd by fear,
My thoughts run out to meet despair.

And must I here desponding lie?
Why do I not for mercy cry?
Forgive my sin, thou God of grace,
For Jesus' sake, unveil thy face!

Unworthy of the smallest good,
I plead a worthy Saviour's blood;
On him alone my hopes depend,
My Surety, Advocate, and Friend.

His blood can cleanse my soul anew,
His power can all my sins subdue;
Behold him, Lord, and set me free,
That I may live alone to thee.

LXXVI.

"O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat: I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments."—*Job xxiii. 2, 3.*

I LANGUISH for a sight
Of him who reigns on high;
Jesus, my soul's supreme delight,
For him alone I sigh.

O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!

Near to his mercy's seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come, and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.

The arguments I'd use
My troubles shall suggest;
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
The cause of the distress'd.

O Jesus, bring me near,
New life, new strength impart;
Banish at once my slavish fear
And dwell within my heart.

LXXVII.

"Never man spake like this man."—*John vii. 46.*

NO man nor angel can compare
With our Almighty Lord;
To speak like him what seraph dare,
Or imitate his word?

Who can command the dead to rise,
 With a prevailing power ?
 Who can pour light on sightless eyes ?
 The sick to health restore ?

Whose word can fiends infernal tame,
 Or furious winds control ;
 Unstop deaf ears, or cure the lame,
 Or make the wounded whole ?

One word from Jesus this performs,
 And proves his power divine ;
 His breath can still the roughest storms,
 Leviathan confine !

None else could expiate my guilt,
 Nor save one soul from hell ;
 Not all the blood of mortals spilt
 Since our first parents fell.

Jesus for me fulfill'd the law,
 And justice satisfied ;
 My guilt and misery he saw,
 And for my ransom died.

Love such as his can ne'er be found,
 His grace is rich indeed ;
 Such words as his there's none can sound,
 Nor do as Jesus did.

LXXVIII.

"I will love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications"—
Ps. cxvi. 1.

THEE will I love, my dearest Lord,
 For thou hast heard my mournful cries ;

My soul shall live upon thy word,
For thou hast sent me fresh supplies.

When I was overwhelm'd with grief,
Mourning, I sought thee all in tears;
And thou hast been my sure relief,
And thou hast sweetly calm'd my fears.

Why, O my God, why shouldst thou be
To me so infinitely kind?
Why such regard, such love to me?
The reason, Lord, I fain would find.

'Tis to exalt thy sov'reign grace,
Thy condescension and thy care;
To lay me low before thy face,
That I thy goodness might declare.

O may thy love be still my song,
Thy honor be my sole employ,
Jesus, whilst thou my life prolong,
Till I in heaven my God enjoy.

LXXIX.

"The upright love thee."—*Cant. i. 4.*

JESUS, thy love is still my theme,
O let me love thee all my days!
Worthy art thou of my esteem,
Worthy of all my highest praise.

All upright souls thy praise proclaim,
And I'm a sharer in thy joy;
O did the world but know thy name,
Thy praise would all the world employ.

They'd scorn to mingle with the dust,
And leave their Saviour far behind;
They'd soon assemble with the just,
And strive their happiness to find.

But, Lord, I sink with conscious shame,
My love is far below my will;
Quicken this evangelic flame,
And let it burn more lively still.

Jesus, whom I adore and love,
Increase my faith, and every grace,
Till I, with all thy saints above,
Behold the beauties of thy face.

LXXX.

"I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old."—*Ps. lxxvii. 11.*

AWAY, my doubts—begone, my fear—
The wonders of the Lord appear;
The wonders that my Saviour wrought;
O how delightful is the thought!

The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above;
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.

Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought ;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness ;
He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.

How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes !
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away !

The world, with all its pomp, withdrew ;
'Twas less than nothing in my view ;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.

I gloried in my Saviour's grace ;
I sang my great Redeemer's praise ;
My soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.

The powers of hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my mind ;
I saw, and sung in joyful strains,
The monster Satan held in chains.

These are the wonders I record,
The marv'llous goodness of the Lord ;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace !

LXXXI.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength."—*Is. lxiii. 1.*

WHO is this heavenly Person, who,
In garments dy'd, methinks I see;
That comes from Edom, drest in wo;
That comes from Bozrah unto me?

Glory his blood-stain'd robe adorns,
His body torn with stripes severe,
His sacred head beset with thorns,
His soul in agonies appear.

'Tis my Redeemer from above,
Jesus, the Saviour; yes, 'tis he:
Great is his strength, and great his love—
He groan'd, he bled, he died for me.

New life his blood and wounds afford,
My sins have made his sorrows bleed;
I'll go and meet my dearest Lord,
And tell him how I hate the deed.

His dying love my soul constrains,
While thus I view his sufferings o'er;
To hate the cause of all his pains,
To love his precepts more and more.

Now I'm engag'd by sacred ties,
I charge my heart no more to stray
From him who dwells above the skies,
Nor grieve nor tempt my Lord away.

LXXXII.

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold, tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich: and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed: and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."—*Rev. iii. 18.*

ARISE, my soul, to Jesus fly,
And cast thy fears away;
He will thine every want supply;
Make haste, no longer stay.

Look, how he stands and smiles to give
His glory and his grace;
He counsels sinners to receive
His robe of righteousness.

Jesus the purest gold appoints
T' enrich the humble poor;
Who with his heavenly salve anoints
In darkness walks no more.

Ye drooping souls that seek the Lord,
Take courage and believe,
For God is faithful to his word,
Great grace you shall receive.

The wretched, destitute and blind,
Are those whom Christ invites;
A friend in him they're sure to find,
Whose power is infinite.

LXXXIII.

LONGING FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—*Psa. lxxiv. 8*

MY God, how restless is my mind!
Pensive I lie from day to day,

And, loath to be so much confin'd,
I sigh my lonely hours away.

'Tis for thy courts, O Lord, I long ;
When shall I in thy house appear !
When shall I join the waiting throng,
And mix in humble worship there ?

I'd praise thee for the meanest place,
To stand as waiter at thy gate ;
Could I but there behold thy face,
I'd think the favor truly great.

I long to tread that happy ground
Where oft my soul has richly fed ;
To hear the gospel's joyful sound,
To taste substantial, living bread.

There have I often left my fears,
When I have gone o'erwhelm'd with grief ;
There have I left my wants and cares,
And, in returning, sung relief.

But now I'm left at home to mourn,
While in thy courts thy saints rejoice ;
I pass my Sabbaths quite alone ;
In sad complaints I spend my voice.

Jesus, do thou my strength renew ;
Remove my weakness, heal my pain ;
That I may serve and praise thee too,
O bring me to thy house again.

O bring thyself, thy graces near,
And teach my soul to wait thy will ;
Then shall I serve and praise thee here,
And own thee just and righteous still.

LXXXIV.

GOING TO THE LORD'S SUPPER AFTER LONG CONFINEMENT.

WHERE shall I go but to my Lord,
Who bled and died that I might live ?
O let me now attend his word ;
He has eternal life to give.

Come, blessed Spirit, and confine
My meditations on his love ;
That I may sing of grace divine,
And worship him like those above.

My thoughts from trifling objects turn,
Give me the conquest over pride ;
O may I look on him and mourn !
For him I pierc'd and crucified.

O for the eye of faith to see
My Saviour in his priestly dress ;
As hanging on th' accursed tree,
To work my robe of righteousness.

Enter, my soul, his gates with praise,
And thankfully adore his name,
Whose mercy lengthens out thy days,
Whose love to thee is still the same.

LXXXV.

" There is at Jerusalem a pool, which is called Bethesda."—*John v. 2.*

O COULD I to Jerus'lem go,
And reach Bethesda's pool ;
There the afflicted left their wo,
The wounded were made whole.

In vain my wretched unbelief
Might thus forever sigh ;
Christ is the source of all relief ;
That source is ever nigh.

See how his blood divinely flows ;
How plentiful and pure ;
I need not to Jerus'lem go,
To seek a better cure.

Here is a fountain deep and wide,
A fountain rich and free ;
With healing virtue well supplied,
For sinners such as me.

Now let me rise and praise his name,
And plunge into this flood ;
I need not wash in Jordan's stream,
While here are streams of blood.

This is a pool of high renown,
Its virtue is most sure ;
Come, sinners, plunge directly down,
Receive an instant cure.

LXXXVI.

" Prepare to meet thy God."—*Amos* iv. 12.

MY life declines, my strength is gone
Disease and pains prevail ;
Death threatens to arrest me soon ;
My heart and flesh doth fail.

Soon must I leave this body here,
Soon must my soul away ;

O awful thought !—my soul, prepare
For that tremendous day !

Soon must I pass the solemn test,—
How soon, my judge can tell !—
When he, with smiles, shall call me blest,
Or frown me down to hell.

O how shall I prepare my heart
Eternal life to gain ?
Jesus, thy grace, thy strength impart,
Or all I do is vain.

I cannot for one sin atone—
I swell with pride no more ;
All the best duties I have done,
I've reason to deplore.

Jesus, on thee alone I lean,
Do thou my soul prepare ;
O cleanse my heart from every sin,
And fix thy dwelling there.

Renew'd and justified by grace,
Complete I then shall stand
Before th' Almighty Father's face,
When he my life demands.

LXXXVII.

“ I loathe it ; I would not live always.”—*Job vii. 16.*

WHEN will my sweet release be sign'd,
To quit this house of clay ?
When shall my spirit, unconfin'd,
To glory wing her way ?

O how I loathe this mortal life,
I hate this slavish fear ;
I long to end this tedious strife
With sin and sorrow here.

I long to see a smiling God,
In everlasting light ;
When shall I reach his blest abode,
And gain th' enraptur'd sight ?

My tow'ring thoughts disdain to roll
Amongst these earthly toys ;
Jesus is dearer to my soul
Than life, with all its joys.

Make haste, my days, fly faster still,
And bring me to the place ;
To that delightful, holy hill,
Where Jesus shows his face.

Why am I chain'd to earth so long,
Expos'd to every snare ?
When shall I join the heav'nly throng,
And dwell forever there ?

LXXXVIII.

"O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—*Ps. lv. 6.*

O F rest I hear, of rest I talk,
But rest I cannot see ;
O how laborious is my work ;
Earth has no rest for me.

Hard do I toil with sins and woes,
With unbelief and fears

Satan doth all my work oppose,
My couch is wet with tears.

Weary with watchfulness, I mourn,
And long to be away;
Were I like doves on pinions borne,
I'd fly without delay.

I'd mount above this earthly ball,
And make my way to God;
Fain would I rest my weary soul
In his supreme abode.

But why, impatience, dost thou rise?
Depart, thou source of ill!
Why should I fly and cleave the skies
Before my Father's will?

What if on earth I yet must dwell,
If Jesus is but near,
Cheerful I'll fight with sin and hell,
And overcome my fear.

No harm can come within the bounds
Which his own hands have set;
My soul shall hide beneath his wounds,
And find a safe retreat.

LXXXIX.

LONGING TO BE DISSOLVED.

O WHAT a vain and empty world is this!
And must I travel on this barren ground?
It can afford no true substantial bliss;
Nothing but sin and sorrow's to be found.

How little do I here enjoy of God !
 At dissolution I could now rejoice ;
 I long to leave this gloomy, dark abode,
 And bid farewell to earth and all its noise.

Fain would I sing, " Farewell, vain world, adieu !
 Farewell, to all the allurements to sin ;
 Farewell, my friends !—a short farewell to you ;
 We part awhile, but soon shall meet again.

Farewell to pains, to weakness, and to cares ;
 Farewell reproach, and poverty and shame ;
 Farewell to sickness, misery and tears ;
 Farewell, revilers of my worthless name."

Come, Death, thou welcome messenger, appear ;
 I would embrace thee with extended arms ;
 T' untie the silken bands that hold me here,
 Instead of horror, thou shalt come with charms.

My sin is pardon'd and thy sting is gone ;
 I sing the vict'ry through my Saviour's blood ;
 Eager I pant for my celestial crown ;
 O when shall I appear before my God !

XC.

LONGING FOR GLORY.

HASTE, that delightful, awful day,
 When this my soul shall leave her clay,
 Mount up, and make her last remove,
 And join the Church of Christ above.

Vain world ! what are your toys to me ?
 'Tis Jesus that I want to see ;

I'd leave my friends, my life, my all,
And thus address this earthly ball.

“Farewell; no more I tread your ground;
No more I need the gospel sound;
My feet have reach'd the heavenly shore,
I know no imperfection more.

“Let friends no more my sufferings mourn,
Nor view my relics with concern:
O cease to drop the pitying tear,
I'm got beyond the reach of fear.”

Through tribulation sharp and long
I'm brought to join the sinless throng;
Glory to God for every wo,
For every pain I felt below.

All glory to the Lamb of God,
My robes are spotless through his blood;
'Tis through his free and sov'reign grace
I now behold his blissful face.

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
In glory infinite to reign:
To him unceasing praise be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

XCI.

NOW have I spent in sighs and tears
A tedious series of my years;
Oft have I sought a kind release,
But, ah! my sorrows still increase.

Through my whole frame my weakness grows,
Sickness and pain increasing too ;
Troubles on every side await,
And woes insuperably great.

Where is the pity of a God ?
See, how I groan beneath his rod !
How long will he in wrath chastise,
And disregard my mournful cries ?

Opprest, impatient, lo ! I cry,
And wish, and pray, and long to die ;
When wilt thou, Death, these eyelids close,
And set me free from all my woes ?

Thus did my discontented heart
From God, through unbelief, depart ;
Jesus, my Shepherd, saw me stray,
And drew my thoughts a different way.

Why do I droop, and pine, and faint ?
Why, O my soul, this rash complaint ?
Be still, lest thou the Lord provoke,
And urge from him a heavier stroke.

Shall one so vile as I complain ?
I, that deserve eternal pain ;
Shall I arraign th' Almighty here,
And charge him with a hand severe ?

No ; 'tis in mercy, now I see,
Each wo is sent that troubles me ;
'Tis for some good, some gracious end ;
'Tis from my Father and my Friend.

'Tis He, the infinitely good,
The great, the just, the holy God !—
Peace, then, my soul ! thy grief remove,
Thine is a God of truth and love.

Is this his way to purge my dross ?
Then let me welcome every cross !
Let unbelief no more repine,
Nor spurn at goodness so divine.

With shame I wipe away my tears,
And cast on God my grief and fears ;
My soul lies prostrate in the dust,
And owns that all his ways are just.

XCII.

“ I am afflicted and ready to die, from my youth up.”—*Ps.* lxxxviii. 15.

HOW are my powers all tun'd to mourn
O'er my afflicted lot !
Up from my youth my health is gone,
And pleasure is forgot.

How are my blooming years disgrac'd
With pains and heavy cares !
How is my sprightliness defac'd
With sighs, and groans, and tears !

How is my envy prone to rise
When I the healthy view ;
How do I raise my plaintive cries,
And wish for soundness too.

If all the earth could be my lot,
With all its glittering wealth,

I'd not withhold the smallest spot,
But give it all for health.

If gold could but my health restore,
And set me free from pain,
I'd beg the boon from door to door,
And purchase health again.

But where is now my humble trust
In God's almighty voice?
Why do I think of yellow dust,
Which often health destroys?

How vain are all the drugs and skill
Of great physicians here!
If God denies a blessing, still
I languish in their care.

Jesus, with whom compassions dwell,
And power to wound and heal;
Speak thou the word, and I am well,
Distress no more I feel.

Speak, Lord, and thou shalt have the praise;
In mercy set me free;
So shall the remnant of my days
Be spent alone to thee.

XCIII.

"Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me."—*L. xxxviii. 14.*

JESUS, my Advocate and King,
Of power omnipotent possesst;
To thee my every wo I bring,
Who undertakes for souls opprest.

Lord, I'm oppress'd with pains and cares,
 Opprest with sin, oppress'd with grief,
 Opprest with unbelief and fears ;
 O undertake to send relief.

My heart is hard and stubborn still,
 Foolish and vain my thoughts arise ;
 O condescend to bow my will,
 O undertake to make me wise.

Great Mediator, now appear,
 Let me thy full salvation know ;
 O manifest thy power here,
 And lay me at thy footstool low.

Jesus, I leave my cause with thee,
 Plead thy dear wounds before the throne ;
 O intercede with God for me,
 And shower these needful blessings down.

XCIV.

" O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to Thee "—*Ez. ix. 6*

LET me lie prostrate on the ground,
 And veil my blushing face ;
 So deep, so dreadful is my wound,
 I seek a hiding-place.

'Twas sin that made this wound in me,
 Then let me hate its name ;
 'Twas sin—O whither shall I flee ?
 I lie confus'd in shame.

Asham'd to lift my face to God,
 So great my crimes appear ;

I dread the vengeance of his rod,
His furious wrath I fear.

What am I in Jehovah's hand?
The sacred page will tell:
He can at once my soul demand,
And sink it down to hell.

Well may I tremble at his power,
He's holy, just and wise;
Why has he spar'd me in this hour,
Whose guilt for vengeance cries?

Let his long-suffering love and grace
Each grateful thought employ;
Which far more willingness displays
To save, than to destroy.

Jesus yet stands before the throne,
And pleads for sinners there;
Then let me lean on him alone,
Till he subdues my fear.

By faith on him I'll now presume
To lift my eyes to heaven;
He will my secret groans perfume,
And show my sins forgiven.

XCV.

"I will speak in the bitterness of my soul."—*Job x. 1.*

IN this extreme distress of soul
How can I but complain!
I can no more my speech control,
No more from tears refrain.

Great is my anguish, deep my grief,
O whither shall I flee ?
Far is my soul from all relief,
No help on earth I see.

My spirits and my strength are gone,
And I from day to day
Sit quite disconsolate, alone,
And sigh my hours away.

O grievous lot ! O heavy wo !
Must I this cross sustain,
So long as I a feeling know,
So long as life remains ?

Why do my sorrows yet increase,
And flow on every side ?
Why is my soul depriv'd of peace,
Of comfort why deni'd ?

Why am I chasten'd every day ?
My nights, why spent in pain ?
Why should deliverance longer stay ?
Are all my prayers in vain ?

Why so mysterious are thy ways,
And dreadful in my sight ?
Show me, that I may lisp thy praise,
And serve thee with delight.

O chase this darkness from my mind,
And raise my thoughts above,
That I may full salvation find,
And celebrate thy love.

XCVI.

"Surely I am more brutish than any."—*Proc. xxx. 2.*

BRING all the brutish and unwise,
Who neither know nor love
That God who made the earth and skies,
Who reigns supreme above ;

Set forth their base ingratitude
In all its blackest hue,
I'd mingle with this hateful brood,
As vilest of the crew.

Alas ! they never, never felt
The power of quick'ning grace ;
They never saw their nature's guilt,
Nor felt their helplessness.

They ne'er enjoy'd a Saviour's love,
They ne'er convers'd with heaven ;
Ne'er heard Jehovah from above
Pronounce their sins forgiven.

But I these mercies have enjoy'd,
In wisdom's sacred ways ;
Then how were all my powers employ'd
In grateful strains of praise !

Jesus, I knew, endur'd my shame
Upon th' accursed tree ;
How did I venerate his name
Who suffer'd there for me !

My heart awhile with ardor burn'd,
The grace I could not hide ;

Yet I to sin again return'd,
And all his work denied.

Now let me take the lowest place,
And chide my brutish heart,
Which thus abus'd the richest grace
That mercy could impart.

Here is ingratitude, indeed,
In all its deepest stains ;
Here let my sorrows ever feed,
While life and breath remains.

Yes ; I'll repent till Jesus smile,
And shows my sins forgiven ;
I'll mourn ingratitude so vile—
If possible—in heaven.

XCVII.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. xvii. 8.

JESUS, my hiding place thou art,
My Rock, my Refuge, and my All ;
My mis'ries swell, O take my part ;
In mercy save me, or I fall.

My soul is overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart with sorrows well nigh broke ;
Haste, and appoint some kind relief,
Or I must die beneath the stroke.

Pity my weakness, O my God,
My woes unable to sustain ;
Lighten the great, the heavy load,
And mix some pleasure with my pain.

Leave not my drooping soul alone,
Lest I dishonor thy great name ;
Lest Satan mock my doleful moan,
And laugh exulting o'er my shame.

Hide me ; I tremble at thy power ;
I fear thy rod, thou King of kings ;
Hide me, till all thy wrath is o'er,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

XCVIII.

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute."—*Ps.* cii. 17.

HOW suitable this word to me,
A destitute, distressed worm !
Lord, I will make my moan to thee ;
Do thou thy promise now perform.

Hear me, for I am destitute,
Oppress'd with grief and heavy woes ;
Do not despise my humble suit,
For I in thee my trust repose.

I can to none but thee complain,
O let thy faithfulness appear ;
Look with compassion on my pain,
And bring thy tender mercies near.

Regard me in my low estate,
Perplex'd and griev'd on every side ;
Helpless and poor, my wants are great,
Let them by thee be all supplied.

On thee alone for help I call,
I'll trust an arm of flesh no more ;

Fain would I make my God my all,
But thou, my God, must give the power.

O let thy Spirit now descend,
And work a stronger faith within ;
Be thou my Father and my Friend,
And now eternal life bring in.

XCIX.

" Let the sighing of the prisoners come before thee."—Ps. lxxix. 11.

TO thee, my God, I make my moan,
Lend thou a gracious ear ;
Let every sigh, let every groan,
Before thy throne appear.

For friends my sorrows swell too high,
My woes they cannot bear ;
Helpless and destitute I lie,
Expos'd to every snare.

Whilst thou, O Lord, my soul forsake,
I must indulge my grief ;
O let my heart with sorrow break,
So I may gain relief.

If here I must not see thy face,
Be life no longer given ;
Finish at once thy work of grace,
And take me up to heaven.

Haste, Lord ; my soul is all distress'd,
Distracting fears arise ;
O let thy bosom be my rest,
No other can suffice.

Come, O my dear Redeemer, come ;
How tedious is thy stay ;
I long till thou shalt take me home,
And send my fears away.

C.

"Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted."—
Ps. xiv. 16.

O GOD, how mournful is my case !
How high my sorrows rise !
Show me again thy smiling face,
And hear my doleful cries.

How great my weakness and my pain !
How far from all relief !
No friend to hear my soul complain,
Or mitigate my grief.

Near to the gate of death I lie,
And fear to enter in ;
Hear me, O God, before I die,
And cheer my soul again.

Doth God in wrath my soul abhor ?
Why am I thus distrest ?
For Jesus' sake thy hand withdraw,
And give my spirit rest.

Turn unto me thy gracious eye,
O thou eternal God !
Before I faint, before I die
Beneath thy chast'ning rod.

While o'er my fainting, dying dust,
The rising billows roll ;

Help me to make thy name my trust,
And cheer my drooping soul.

While I exert my feeble powers,
And send my groans above ;
Lighten, O Lord, my gloomy hours,
With thy forgiving love.

CI.

"I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause, which doeth great things, and unsearchable ; marvellous things without number."—Job v. 8, 9

TO God I'd seek in each distress,
To God I'd find a near access ;
He has an arm which can sustain,
And he allows me to complain.

He never gave my soul a charge—
Not on my sorrows to enlarge—
He bids me bring my troubles near,
And speak without reserve or fear.

Welcome I am in ev'ry case
To meet him at his throne of grace ;
He will not one complaint oppose,
Nor tire while I repeat my woes.

O for a supplicating frame,
For stronger faith in Jesus' name !
Lord, take each obstacle away,
My soul would now in earnest pray.

'Twas from thine hand my trials came,
Thine hand can soon remove the same ;

Thou art a wonder-working God,
And faithfulness attends thy rod.

Thou dost what none can imitate,
Things as unsearchable as great ;
Thy marvellous, mysterious ways,
Transcend, while they demand, all praise.

CII.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"—*John xviii. 11.*

IS this unpleasing cup now given
By thee, my Father, Lord of heaven ?
O let me then in silence stand,
And meekly take it at thine hand.

If thou wilt help me to believe,
I can this bitter draught receive ;
Though mix'd with wormwood and with gall,
My soul in faith can drink it all.

Thou know'st I am but feeble dust,
Too apt thy goodness to mistrust ;
But let not darkness veil my mind,
Let me not think my God unkind.

Still, Saviour, let me see thy face,
And rest my soul in thine embrace ;
Send down fresh cordials from above,
And mix this wo with signs of love.

Dost thou not bear thy children's grief ?
Then I from thee shall gain relief ;
Yes, by thy grace and love divine,
Though all unworthy, I am thine.

Vengeance is not prepar'd for me,
My cup of wrath was drank by thee ;
O let my soul forbear to frown,
And drink this milder mixture down.

Lord, while its bitter flavor lasts
Let thy rich love be my repast ;
Oft as the taste returns again
Let heavenly joys absorb the pain.

CIII.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him."—*Ps.* xlii. 11.

WHY thus cast down, my soul ?
Why dost thou yield to fear,
And ponder o'er the roll
Of guilt and darkness here ?
Shake off thy grief,
And soar above,
There's sure relief
In sov'reign love.

Why do I thus complain
And bow my drooping head ?
Cheer up, my soul, again,
Thy Saviour is not dead :
Jesus, thy Lord,
Is still the same ;
Believe his word,
And trust his name.

What though he hides his face,
Nor will one smile afford ;

Thou yet may'st plead his grace,
And venture on his word :
Still all thy trust
On him repose ;
And own him just,
In all thy woes.

Why should distressing thoughts,
Why should distracting cares
Still aggravate thy faults,
And urge thy flowing tears ?
No longer fight
Against his rod ;
But still delight
And hope in God.

CIV.

" Will the Lord cast off forever, and will he be favorable no more ?"—*Ps. lxxvii. 7.*

JESUS, when I can see thy face,
And feel the influence of thy grace,
I can all outward woes sustain,
And own thee just in every pain.

But O how high my sorrows rise,
How sad, how doleful are my cries ;
How insupportable my smart,
When thou refuse to cheer my heart !

The frowns of friends whom I revere
May cause my eyes to drop a tear,
But the displeasure of my God
Proves to my soul the sharpest rod.

Lord, wherefore dost thou hide thy face ;
Why dost thou still withhold thy grace ?
I ask—while I my sins deplore—
Is mercy gone for evermore ?

Will God no more regard my woes ;
No more sustain ; no more compose ?
What !—am I from his presence drove,
No more to taste or feel his love ?

Jesus, I still resolve, by grace,
To trust thy word and seek thy face ;
Low at thy feet I'll plead thy care,
And, if I must, I'll perish there.

CV.

“ Chastened, and not killed.”— 2 Cor. vi. 9.

CHASTEN'D I am from day to day,
From year to year I groan ;
When will my troubles cease or stay ?
When will my griefs be gone ?

Such pain and sickness wastes my strength
Such weakness bows me down ;
My spirit dreads the tedious length,
As morn and night comes on.

Anxious I wish, with sad concern,
To end these gloomy days ;
When will my Lord again return,
And fill my mouth with praise ?

In faithfulness hath he not said,
He will not always chide ?

Then let me raise my drooping head,
And in his word confide.

He will in mercy yet return,
Though now he hides his face :
I shall not always, chasten'd, mourn ;
His word ensures my peace.

My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Soon shall my soul away ;
Then shall I sigh and sin no more,
But sing through endless day.

CVI.

"He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

NOW shall my soul adore the grace,
And sing the wonders of that love
Which bids me seek Jehovah's face,
Which first allur'd my thoughts above.

Lord, I confess my wandering ways,
And chide my vile, backsliding heart ;
I mingle grief with humble praise,
And mourn my sins with inward smart.

Thy pard'ning mercy I embrace,
And waft ten thousand thanks above ;
Rejoicing in restoring grace,
Triumphant in recovering love.

To thee, thou holy, just and true,
(Rais'd from the borders of the grave,)
I dedicate myself anew,
And testify thy power to save.

The paths of righteousness I'll tread,
So long as life to me is given ;
Jesus will help in every need,
Till through his love I enter heaven.

Then when I reach those blissful plains,
Where seraphs vie to shout his praise ;
I, too, in their exalted strains,
Forever shall extol his grace.

CVII.

" He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."
Ps. xxiii. 2.

JESUS my mourning soul doth lead,
And tells me where my faith must feed ;
Strait I behold his love divine,
And hear him whisper, " I AM THINE.

" I am thy Rock, thy hiding-place,
Come view the riches of my grace !—
On me I took thy guilt and shame,
Obey'd and suffer'd in thy name.

" 'Twas for thy sins—it was for thee
I hung upon the accursed tree :
Come, feast upon my bleeding love,
And let my grace thy grief remove !"

My mourning now shall turn to praise,
I'll sing the wonders of his grace ;
Awake, my soul, and heart, and tongue,
Praise him to whom all praise belongs !

How sweet the pastures where I rove !
How rich the fruits of Jesus' love !
Here would my soul forever stay,
No more, my Shepherd, let me stray.

Lord, let me never change my place,
Till I behold thee face to face ;
And when I join the sinless throng,
Wonder and love shall tune my song.

CVIII.

"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."—*Gal. vi. 17.*

THOUGH I of sinners am the chief,
Marks I sustain of Jesus' grief ;
To his my woes some likeness bear,
And in his sufferings I share.

Was he in grief forsook by all,
Contemn'd and scorn'd by great and small ?
I, too, in silent sadness mourn,
Revil'd, despis'd and left alone.

Did he in poverty appear ?
This is a badge I daily wear ;
Did persecution him pursue ?
Behold, I'm persecuted too.

Did he for sins on others found
Receive a deep, a mortal wound ?
In me this mark is also known—
I smart for follies not my own.

Was he with sore temptations vex'd ?
With sad suggestions I'm perplex'd.
His life was one sad scene of wo ;
Mine is a scene of sorrow too.

But let me sink, with conscious shame,
Before the great Eternal name ;
Let me my pride and boasting quell,
And mourn, while I the difference tell.

Though Jesus did in sorrows roll,
Holy and sinless was his soul ;
But I, a wretch, conceiv'd in sin,
Am all unholy and unclean.

How did the suffering Saviour shine
In love and meekness all divine !
But my impatient, wretched heart,
Is prone at every cross to start.

What though by others' sins I'm pain'd,
By me their guilt is not sustain'd :
But Christ, beneath his Father's frown
Suffer'd for others' sins alone.

He is Supreme of heaven and earth ;
I am a worm, and nothing worth :
Life for the dead his suffering bought,
But mine, alas ! can merit nought.

Like his, such agonizing pain
No mortal ever could sustain :
Then blush, my soul, from hence forbear
With Christ's afflictions to compare.

CIX.

"I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me."—*Mic. vii. 7.*

MY God!—for I can call thee **MINE**—
My Father and my Friend;
Am I not thine, forever thine?
To thee my groans ascend.

When helpers fail on every hand,
I look to thee, O Lord;
My doubts and fears through faith withstand,
And trust thy faithful word.

In all my straits, in all my woes,
For thee, my God, I wait;
My soul can all her trust repose
On faithfulness so great.

My God!—how pleasing is the sound!—
What can I wish for more?
In thee, my God, my soul has found
An everlasting store.

My God—I still repeat the cry—
Bring thy salvation near;
My God, do thou my wants supply,
And manifest thy care.

My God will hear me when I call;
My God will send relief:
While thou, my God, art all in all,
I cannot yield to grief.

This word can lighten every care !
While I can say, MY GOD ;
Fulness in poverty I share,
And satisfying food.

Eternal thanks to thy great Name,
Whose grace hath made me thine ;
Nothing shall put my soul to shame
While I can call thee mine.

Let grateful thanks to Jesus rise,
Who bought me with his blood ;
Who gave his life a sacrifice,
Ere I could say, MY GOD.

Joyful in tribulation, now
I bless my God and King :
Of mercy, and of judgment too,
With cheerful voice I sing.

My God, thou hast rebuk'd my fears ;
They fled at thy command ;
I leave my soul with all her cares
In thine almighty hand.

CX.

"In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God."—1 *Thess* v. 18.

I THINK my table richly spread,
And bless the Lord for wholesome bread,
While nothing more appears ;
With this I am not left to starve,
This is far more than I deserve,
And better than my fears.

•

I fear'd lest discontent should turn,
And cause my appetite to spurn
 Against a meal so dry ;
But, sanctified by prayer, 'tis sweet,
More so than all the sav'ry meat
 That dainty sinners buy.

My God, how infinitely kind
Art thou, to reconcile my mind
 To all thy sov'reign will !
Content with nothing I shall be
If I may but converse with thee,
 And have thy presence still.

No one shall hear my tongue complain,
If thou my spirit will sustain,
 And fill my soul with peace ;
My gratitude shall still ascend,
I'll love and praise thee to the end,
 Till all my wants shall cease.

Humbly for those I'd intercede
Who suffer poverty and need,
 Without contentment given :
O teach them, by their wants, to pray,
And then do thou thy power display,
 And send them bread from heaven.

In earnest I would bear in mind
The poor, the sick, the long confin'd—
 With such I sympathize :
To such I feel compassion move,
To such I would appear in love,
 And wipe their weeping eyes.

O may their sorrows sweetly lead
Their hungry, fainting souls, to feed
On Christ, the living Bread ;
So shall they patiently endure,
And find their happiness secure
In Him, their living Head.

Come, O ye helpless and distress'd,
Lean on a Saviour's loving breast,
In him there's sweet repose :
He will support, he will sustain,
He'll bear a part in every pain,
And sanctify your woes.

The time is short, you soon shall rise,
And bid farewell to weeping eyes,
And reach the heavenly shore ;
O pleasing thought, my soul, prepare
To meet thy fellow-sufferers there,
And aid them to adore.

There shall our now complaining souls
Drink of those overflowing bowls
Of God's unchanging love ;
There Jesus, our exalted Head,
Shall feed us with delicious bread,
And all our wants remove.

CXI.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I lov'd before ;

Let me but view my Saviour's face
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,
For these have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things ;
The little room for me design'd
Will suit as well my easy mind
As palaces of kings.

Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste ;
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord :
I'd sit alone from day to day,
Or urge my company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

CXII.

"The King hath brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee;
we will remember thy love more than wine."—*Cant. i. 4.*

THE Lord of lords and King of kings,
Into his secret chamber brings
His worshippers sincere;
Then their enraptur'd souls rejoice,
And sing his praise with heart and voice,
And hold communion dear.

To me, less than the least of all,
This favor comes, when faith can call
On God for quick'ning grace;
"Draw me," my soul in earnest cried,
"Draw me, my God; I would abide
Alone in thine embrace."

My God in mercy heard my cry,
And sent and drew my thoughts on high,
Into his holy place;
I enter'd, but with holy fear,
And saw my dear Redeemer there,
And feasted on his grace!

Jesus, my soul shall ne'er forget
A favor so divinely great;
I'll keep thy love in mind,
And prize it as my chiefest good,
Above my necessary food,
Above the richest wine.

CXIII.

"And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure."—2 Cor. xii. 7.

JESUS exalts his fav'rites high,
And lifts their souls above,
When drest in grace, approaching nigh,
He manifests his love.

Seasons like these great joy create,
Our hearts within us burn;
Our souls oft think, in such a state,
Night will no more return.

"Jesus is come, and testifies
He never will depart;
I now am spotless in his eyes,
And welcome to his heart.

"Much of his grace to me is given,
What happiness I feel!
Cheerful I'll walk the road to heav'n,
Nor fear the pow'rs of hell.

"Now shall his graces shine abroad,
And all the world shall see
How much I love my dearest Lord,
Who suffer'd death for me."

This is the zeal young converts show.
While glory strikes their eyes;
It is but little that they know;
Experience makes them wise.

When wisdom sends a pungent thorn,
To drive their pride away,

How soon they think themselves forlorn,
Who so oppress as they ?

Let but the pow'rs of darkness rage,
And Jesus hide his face ;
With hell they tremble to engage,
Where now their boasted grace ?

Now they complain—how vain their minds,
Corruption grows too strong,
Satan again their spirit binds—
How mournful is their song !

Now they perceive their strength is small,
And cry for help from heaven ;
Jesus in mercy hears them call,
And grace again is given.

With humbling views of self and sin,
They now bewail their pride ;
And now with stronger faith begin
In Jesus to confide.

'Tis needful then to bear the thorn,
Humility to learn ;
Lest self-conceit should rise to scorn,
And we to sin return.

CXIV.

" And he came thither unto a cave, and the word of the Lord came to him and said,
What doest thou here, Elijah ?"—1 Kings xix. 9.

MY soul, what dost thou here ?
This is forbidden ground ;
Behold, what dangers now appear !
What darkness waits around !

What dost thou in this cave
Of unbelief and fear ?
Jesus is able still to save—
On him cast all thy care.

Arise, and haste away,
Pursue the heavenly road ;
Thy duty now forbids thy stay
Obey the voice of God.

He will his aid afford,
And show a smiling face ;
Nor shouldst thou find thy task so hard,
Wouldst thou but trust his grace.

Mourn then thine unbelief,
And from its power depart ;
Henceforth let sin have all thy grief,
And Jesus all thy heart.

Lord, give me faith to rise,
Let love assist my flight ;
I'd quit this earth and cleave the skies,
And sing in endless light.

CXV.

"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."—*Ps. li. 4.*

'GAINST thee, thou holy, just and wise,
'Gainst thee how high my crimes arise !
'Gainst thee, whom angels bow before !
'Gainst thee, whom saints with awe adore !
'Gainst thee, thou good and gracious God !
'Gainst thee, my only safe abode !

'Gainst thee, on whom my all depends !
'Gainst thee, my Father and my Friend !

'Gainst thee, who made thy richest grace
To shine so bright before my face ;
Who gave thy Son my soul to save
From hell, from sin, and from the grave !

Why did I let my Saviour go ?
Why did I grieve his Spirit so ?
Why did my heart so stubborn prove,
To sin against such wond'rous love ?

Why did I so forget the Lord ?
Why did I so neglect his word ?
Why scorn to bow the stubborn knee
To him who bow'd the heav'ns for me ?

Why am I not in deep despair ?
Why does a gleam of hope appear ?
Was ever creature so deprav'd ?
Was ever such a sinner sav'd ?

O let me now in dust repent,
And mourn my will to evil bent ;
Weep on, mine eyes ! relent, my heart,
And let my conscience feel the smart !

While Jesus shows his pard'ning blood,
I'll mourn my vile ingratitude ;
Lord, take this wand'ring heart of mine,
And set it as a seal on thine.

CXVI.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes
and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Rev. vii. 14.*

LOOK, O my soul, within the veil,
View that unnumber'd throng,
Whose joys can never, never fail,
While Jesus is their song.

O happy souls ! forever freed
From sin and every snare ;
They reign with their exalted Head,
And palms of victory bear.

They glory in their conq'ring God,
And see him as he is ;
Their robes are spotless through his blood,
Their happiness like his.

But I am in a world of wo,
Acquainted still with grief ;
Affliction I'm ordain'd to know,
When shall I get relief ?

They once were sore distress'd, like me,
Till heaven subdued their fear ;
They sail'd o'er tribulation's sea,
Before they landed there.

Then may I live by faith on God,
On every promise given ;
And still confide in Jesus' blood,
And wait resign'd for heaven.

Jesus will surely bring me there
In his appointed time ;

On him, my soul, cast all thy care,
Rely alone on him.

CXVII.

"Behold, I am alive for evermore."—*Rev. i. 18.*

I, JESUS, am ascended high,
No more to suffer, bleed or die;
I live, I live, my name is love;
I reign with God supreme above.

Behold, I live for evermore,
My love's an everlasting store;
I live to plead the sinner's cause,
To magnify Jehovah's laws.

I live to hear my children's cries;
I live to wipe their weeping eyes;
I live to sanctify their woes;
I live to conquer all their foes.

I live to help in each distress;
I live t' enrich their souls with grace;
I live to pour my Spirit down;
I live t' ensure their heavenly crown.

O let believing souls rejoice,
And glory in their happy choice!
Let gratitude their hearts inspire,
And raise their hallelujahs higher.

My soul shall bless the joyful hour,
When first I felt the gospel's power;
And sing his grace through endless day,
Who taught a child to praise and pray.

CXVIII.

PRAISING GOD FOR A PLENTIFUL HARVEST.

O LET Jehovah's lib'ral hand
Be own'd and sung through all the land !
'Tis he that sends a plenteous store,
His name let every soul adore.

Let undeserved goodness raise
Our admiration and our praise ;
Such vile, rebellious sinners, are
Unworthy of the smallest share.

But how does mercy yet abound !
How is the year with plenty crown'd !
For man and beast a rich supply
Is wisely order'd from on high.

'Tis God who makes the earth to yield ;
He gives increase to every field ;
The fragrant herb, the fruitful tree,
From God receive fertility.

Help us to feed with grateful hearts
On what thy bounteous hand imparts ;
And let thy mercies all combine
To ripen us for joys divine.

O let thy goodness teach the poor
The riches of thy grace t' implore !
And let the rich from henceforth prove
In spirit poor, and rich in love.

CXIX.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

"Beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—Prov.
xxxi. 30.

HOW oft doth beauty lead to sin,
And tempt the heart to stray ;
It charms awhile, then hides again,
And soon it fades away !

Not all the art and pains and care
Of men can make it sure ;
Nor can the fairest of the fair
The transient bliss secure.

Sickness and pain may soon disgrace
The most admired charms ;
Soon must they sleep in death's embrace,
And lose their lovely forms.

How vain is beauty, then, my muse !
Unworthy of thy lays ;
Turn, and a nobler subject choose,
Let virtue have thy praise.

How wise is she whose constant care
Pursues the heavenly road ;
She shall the ETERNAL's favor share,
And every REAL GOOD.

She ever shuns the snares of vice ;
How circumspect her ways !
Wise in simplicity she is ;
Unsought her gen'ral praise.

If she is call'd to mingle souls,
How cautious is her choice :
No vain pretence her love controls,
She scorns the flatt'rer's voice.

United, see, illustrious shines
The tender, prudent wife ;
Humility her soul refines,
Grace governs all her life.

What undissembled love she bears
To him who has her hand ;
How does she soften all his cares,
And all his woes attend !

Is she a friend ?—How kind and true !
Her charity how pure !
Her friendship is not like the dew,
That passes in an hour.

She shall be prais'd when beauty fails,
And years and age increase ;
She shall be blest while grace prevails,
And end her days in peace.

CXX.

FOR THE NATION.

“ The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.”—
Ps. xxxiv. 15.

SAY, is this wild, corrupted nation,
Blest with a few who seek the Lord ?
Say, is there one in every station
Who loves t' obey Jehovah's word ?

Are all agreed t' increase the sadness
Of this dark and gloomy time ?
Do all run on in headstrong madness,
And scorn repentance for the crime ?

Is this, indeed, our sad condition ?
No ; let me bless the God of grace !
There are a few who with contrition
Lament for sin before his face.

Let me encourage their confession,
Their strong entreaties for this land !
Though 'tis a time of great transgression,
Yet, surely, God is still at hand.

Ye humble souls, pray without ceasing,
To you the Lord will lend an ear ;
While sins and judgments are increasing,
O pray in faith, and persevere.

O pray, nor be too much dejected,
Ask all in Jesus' worthy name ;
Your suit shall never be rejected,
Through him we may forgiveness claim.

Come, sinners, join in each petition,
Nor tempt the Lord by your delay ;
He gives repentance and remission
To all who do sincerely pray.

Let every soul in every station
Join their assistance ;—who can tell
But God may turn and bless this nation,
And send contention down to hell.

CXXI.

NATIONAL FAST, FEB. 10, 1779.

Let the skies pour down righteousness."—*Isa.* xlv. 8.

JESUS, thou God of nations, bend
The skies, and let the rain descend,
But not thy wrath; in mercy bless
This land with showers of righteousness.

Pour down some tokens of thy love,
Impending punishment remove;
Pour down the Spirit of thy grace,
That every soul may seek thy face.

Forbid that **BRITAIN** e'er should be
Forsaken utterly by thee!
Let not thy sore displeasure rest
Upon a nation so distressed.

Her woes, her poverty, her need,
With thy compassion we would plead;
Enrich her, Lord, in every place,
With all the plenitude of grace.

Water each sacred spot of ground
Where'er the seeds of truth are found;
And make the fruits of Zion's hill
The glory of **BRITANNIA** still.

Why should this once high-favor'd isle
Be ever banish'd from thy smile?
Let not our sin our ruin prove,
In wrath descend not, but in love.

[The twelve following pieces have been added since the first edition was published.]

CXXII.

"Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."—*Ps. cxix. 117.*

TO thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes ;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

In thee for every needful grace
My drooping soul confides ;
Keep me, O Lord, in every place,
Secure on every side.

Be thou my guardian ever near ;
Thy presence I entreat ;
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

The paths I tread are strew'd with snares
In mercy take my part ;
Let not applauses wound my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.

Lest I should once disgrace thy cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

I'd seek the honor of thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

CXXIII.

UNDER DARKNESS.

JESUS, I now address thy throne,
And seek my help in thee alone,
As wretched sinners do;
Hear and regard my earnest cries,
Send, gracious God, some fresh supplies,
And cheer my hopes anew.

Thou art a God of boundless might,
O turn my darkness into light!
I wait thy Spirit's cheering rays;
Come, thou Instructor all divine,
Enlarge these scanty thoughts of mine,
And turn my sighs to songs of praise.

Haste, sacred Dove, dart through the skies,
Haste, and assist my faith to rise
She's all inactive here;
O fix her on her Author's breast,
On him she can securely rest,
Without the interrupting pains of jealousy
and fear.

CXXIV.

WITHOUT the aid of sovereign grace,
In vain I wish, in vain I try
To raise my cheerful thoughts on high,
Or gain a smile from Jesus' face ;
In thee, my God, are all my springs,
At thy command my passions move :
O let thy Spirit's gentle wings
Bear me above created things,
And fix me where I may enjoy thy love.

Fix me on that delightful ground
Where once I spoke the joys I found,
Amidst those fruitful bowers ;
There, there again I long to stand,
And taste the fruits of Canaan's land,
And please my choice, in gathering heavenly
flowers.

There would my thoughts unwearied rove,
And bless the peaceful, happy grove ;
There would my comforts grow divinely
strong ;
There have I seen the King of kings,
And heard a thousand glorious things ;
I know how sweet the blessings are,
And grow impatient to be there ;
Why should I wear this earthly chain so long ?

CXXV.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."—*Rev. iv. 19.*

HEAR this, ye fav'rites of the Lord,
Who mourn beneath his rod ;

Hear, and rejoice at every word,
And trust your loving God.

Hear, and dismiss your gloomy fears,
And tune your joyful songs;
Each word rebukes your flowing tears,
And your complaining tongues.

Come, ye that doubt Jehovah's love,
Because you're sore distrest,
Here is a cordial from above,
To ease your troubled breast.

Thus saith the Lord, the only wise :—
"I will my children prove;
I will rebuke, I will chastise
As many as I love.

"I'll punish and subdue their pride,
I will be known their God;
Love to their precious souls shall guide
My sin-avenging rod.

"To them I'll manifest my care,
As faithful fathers do;
I'll teach them reverence and fear,
And they shall love me too.

"Thus will I save their souls from hell,
And bring them safe to heaven;
There shall they love and praise me well
For each correction given."

Cheer up, my soul, and hope anew,
For Heaven rebukes thy moan;
Cheer up, and learn obedience too,
And live by faith alone.

CXXVI.

COMPLAINING OF SIN, AS BEING EVER PRESENT.

O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r!
This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from its presence run.

When to the throne of grace I flee,
It stands betwixt my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel its workings in my breast.

When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love,
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veil his glory in my eyes.

O! to be freed from this vile foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low:
Lord, take me to my heavenly home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

CXXVII.

LORD'S DAY.

WRITTEN UNDER CONFINEMENT.

WHY does this room so often prove
A dungeon, Lord, to me?
When will these bars of sickness move,
To set thy prisoner free?

Jesus, I long to hear thy word,
I long to feel its pow'r;

Be thou my healer, dearest Lord,
And bring the happy hour.

Till then do thou my soul sustain,
All-patient to endure :
Bless my confinement and my pain,
And all my hopes ensure.

Visit me here, thou King of kings,
With rays of light divine ;
Spread o'er my soul thy healing wings,
And tell me thou art mine.

Let each returning Sabbath prove
A day of rest to me,
Till I behold thy face above,
And rest secure with thee.

CXXVIII.

GOING TO THE HOUSE OF GOD AFTER LONG CONFINEMENT
THROUGH ILLNESS.

NOW let my soul adore and praise
The God of love, the God of grace ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways,
On him I wait in ev'ry case.

Beneath his rod I raise my cries,
And plead his faithfulness and care :
He hears my groans, he bids me rise
And tell how kind his dealings are.

I taste his goodness every hour ;
O for a heart to love his name !

A heart t'adore his matchless power,
Which has reviv'd my dying frame.

What shall I render to the Lord,
Who thus regards me from above;
How shall I best proclaim abroad
His condescension and his love.

Give me, O God, a grateful heart,
And let me pay my vows to thee;
For thou hast sweetly eas'd my smart,
Hast set thy waiting prisoner free.

Now, in that strength which thou hast giv'n,
My willing feet thy courts shall tread;
There shall I hear good news from heav'n,
And on thy promis'd blessings feed.

CXXIX.

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh."—*Cant. ii. 8.*

'TIS my Beloved's awful voice;
He comes; he calls me to rejoice;
'Tis he himself, my soul, and none but he;—
I know him, by his wounded side;
I know him, for his robes are dyed,—
Dyed in that precious blood he shed for me.

He comes!—I'm filled with holy fear,
I blush and weep as he draws near;
Although I see a pardon in his hand,
I feel my sorrows melt and move,
Because I've sinn'd against such love,
Against a Friend so glorious and so good.

He comes!—I deeper sink in shame,
I love and venerate his name,
And wish to love him more :
O, for a flaming seraph's zeal !
O, for that warmth which angels feel !
Like them I'd live, like them I'd love, like them
I would adore.

CXXX.

NOW let me from this world retire ;
To thee, my God, my thoughts aspire :
O let me feel and taste thy love,
And seek my happiness above.

Nothing will suit my present case,
But some fresh token of thy grace ;
All earthly things are vain and vile,
If I cannot enjoy thy smile.

In vain, to cheer this soul of mine,
I taste or drink the richest wine ;
In vain, for my support, I eat
The finest bread, the choicest meat.

Amidst ten thousand blessings, I
Complain, lament, yea tire and die ;
Nor can I find one resting spot,
For all is vain where God is not.

In vain the stars adorn the skies ;
In vain the sun more glorious rise :
The whole creation tries in vain
My drooping spirits to sustain.

Without thy presence earth is hell;
My thoughts must still in sadness dwell,
Till I can see Immanuel's face;
I'm all undone without his grace.

CXXXI.

"And Enoch walked with God."—*Gen. v. 24.*

LIKE Enoch I would seek to be,
Lord, keep me in thy fear;
Like Enoch I would walk with thee,
And find thee ever near.

Like him, I'd reverence thy name,
And fix my thoughts above;
Like his, my zeal would burn and flame;
Like his, my soul would love.

Like him, I'd keep the road to heav'n,
By faith in Jesus' blood;
Like him, I'd know my sins forgiv'n,
And freely talk with God.

O for an Enoch's frame of mind,
An holy, humble heart;
O for a will like his, resign'd
Beneath my every smart.

Like him I'd hope, like him believe,
And tread the tempter down;
Like him I'd conquer, and receive
A rich, immortal crown.

Lord, help me to address thy throne,
To pray as Enoch did;

And shower these needful blessings down
Upon my guilty head.

CXXXII.

"Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people; O visit me with thy salvation; that I may see the good of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation."—*Ps. cvi. 4, 5.*

REMEMBER me, thou great I AM,
Thou Holy, Just and Wise;
Remember me, thou bleeding Lamb,
And hearken to my cries.

Thou art my refuge and my tower,
O let me see thy face!
Show me thy glory and thy power,
And feed me with thy grace.

Thou dost to thine own people show
The wonders of thy love;
Such favors, Lord, on me bestow,
And fix my thoughts above.

Jesus, on thee alone I'd rest,
As thine own people do;
O let me lean upon thy breast,
And hold thee in my view!

Yes, for my eyes would ever gaze
On beauty so divine;
My heart with love would burn and blaze,
And be forever thine.

Now let thy smiling face appear
And make my comfort strong;

So shall I love, and hope, and fear,
And praise thee in my song.

Bring thy salvation to my sight,
And let my heart rejoice
With those in whom my soul delights,
The people of thy choice.

How dear are all thy saints to me,
O let their joys abound !
Bless them, my God, and let me be
In that blest number found.

CXXXIII.*

IS this thy will ? and must I be
A living witness, Lord, for thee ?
Must I thy wond'rous love record,
And spread thy praises far abroad ?

Must I to all thy saints unfold
The things which thou to me hast told ?
And shall the eyes of sinners see
What thou hast done for worthless me ?

Wilt thou no longer me excuse,
And wilt thou frown if I refuse ?
O let me have thy presence still,
And I'll submit to all thy will !

Make thou my path of duty plain,
And let thine arm my soul sustain ;

* Composed after being acquainted that her verses were designed to be printed.

Give me new strength, new courage here,
And fill my soul with holy fear.

To thee I dedicate the whole ;
Thine is my heart, and thine my soul ;
Bless what my feeble hand hath wrought,
And take the praise of every thought.

Wilt thou, dear Lord, thine handmaid own,
Her offering with ACCEPTANCE crown ?
Thy glory is her humble aim—
Eternal glory to thy name !

MEDITATIONS,

IN BLANK VERSE.

ON THE INCARNATION OF OUR LORD.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."—*Luke* ii. 13, 14.

HOW did the heavenly multitude rejoice,
When Jesus, clad with zeal and wing'd
with love,
Descended from the bright abodes of bliss
To save a world of sinners quite undone !
How did they shout and triumph, and ascribe
Glory to God, in high-exalted strains,
While peace on earth they eagerly proclaim'd,
And sung the pure good-will of God to men !

Why then, my soul, art thou so silent found ?
Why so averse to sing Immanuel's love ?
Come, join their song, and show thy gratitude
For grace so rich, so boundless and so free !
Rise, and to Bethlehem flee without delay,
Go seek the new-born Saviour with delight,
And join in humble worship at his feet.

Enter the stable, and behold him there ;
Where oxen feed, the lovely infant lies,
Because the inn would not afford him room.

But why, O man ! why didst thou not receive
The heavenly Stranger, and with honors crown
His sov'reign and supreme, though infant, head ?

No room for Jesus ! O amazing thought !
No entertainment for the King of kings,
But what the brute creation could afford !—
How did the brutes reprove their masters here,
In making way for Christ ! the Prince of peace !
Methinks I see them nestle to and fro,
And leave for him the most commodious place ;
They made him welcome to a bed of hay,
While man refus'd him where to lay his head.
Let human nature blush, and sink with shame !

O most ungrateful man ! thou dost appear
Worse than the beasts which perish from the
earth.

O strange reception for the Lord of Life !
Was Jesus treated with such high disdain,
And did he not resent the vile affront ?
Not so : in him was no resentment found ;
All passive, he resisted not his foes,
Although he could destroy them with a word :
Till death, their cruel insolence he bore,
And even then, " Forgive them " was his prayer.

Learn then, my soul, with meekness to re-
ceive
Thy share of scorn and shame, for Jesus' sake ;

And meditate, how wonderful that love
 Which cloth'd thy Maker in mortality,
 And made him subject to its numerous woes !
 O vast, stupendous, boundless love indeed !
 Too vast for finite minds to comprehend !—
 Glory to God ! let every mortal sing,
 And hail the happy day which gave him birth.
 Most happy day for Adam's guilty race,
 Whom, from the deepest hell of endless wo ;
 There's none can ransom, but th' incarnate God !

II.

THE YEAR CLOSED, DEC. 31, 1778.

WHY am I not consign'd to endless wo ?
 Why am I spar'd to close another year ?
 Surpris'd, I ask, why this forbearance, Lord,
 To such an useless cumb'rer of the ground ?
 O let thy condescending goodness lead
 My soul with deep repentance to thy throne !

How art thou following me with mercy still,
 Still exercising thy long-suffering grace,
 And waiting to be gracious to a worm !

By thee, from year to year, I stand preserv'd
 With ample blessings on my guilty head,
 Though all unworthy of the air I breathe ;
 Although the cry of my provoking sins
 Has so repeatedly displeas'd thine ear.
 What rich provision has sustain'd my soul !
 How may favors from indulgent Heaven !
 What peace, what consolation have I found !

How am I lost in admiration here !
How infinite the patience of my God !
How rich, how free, how boundless is his love !

Forgive, O Lord, my vile ingratitude ;
Forgive, forgive the sins of all my days,
Nor let my youthful follies ever prove
A wall to separate my soul from thee.

With humble praise to thee I close this year,
With ardent prayer for wisdom from above,
And grace to guide my entrance on the new.

III.

ENTERING ON THE NEW YEAR, JAN. 1, 1779.

I THANK thee, O my Father and my God,
For every single mercy I receive.
Yes ; for to thee, and thee alone, I owe
My preservation and existence here.
On man 'all blessings wait at thy command ;
I'm fed by thee, and cloth'd from day to day
On thee I am dependent every hour
For the supply of each returning want ;
And O how kind, how lib'ral is thy hand !
How great is thy compassion and thy care !
By thee my every want has been supplied,
By thee my every wo has been redress'd.

My Ebenezer here again I raise,
And here record the goodness of the Lord,
Who hitherto hath help'd me and sustain'd ;
To him I waft a song of grateful praise,
With him my covenant again renew,

In whose delightful service I rejoice,
And bind myself to him for evermore.

'Twas God that gave me entrance on this year,
To him I give myself without reserve,
And solemnly avouch him for my own.
The time which he allows me here on earth
I set apart for him, and him alone;
All that I have and am, I here resign,
And consecrate to him for holy use.
Witness, ye angels! while my soul engage
To love and fear that God whom you adore;
Before the face of Heaven I now resolve
Upon a life of faith and holiness;—
Let Heaven reprove me, if I ever stray,
Or once attempt to break these sacred vows!

Jesus, to thee I strongly stand engag'd,
And 'tis on thee alone my faith depends
For the performance of each solemn vow:
O keep me as the apple of thine eye;
Let no temptation overcome my soul;
Hide me beneath the shadow of thy wings,
And earth and hell shall seek my hurt in vain.
Prepare me for the trials of this year;
Direct and counsel me in all my ways;
Bless what my feeble hands may undertake,
And crown my weak endeavors with success.

IV.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

O SOLEMN thought!—Weak man is born
to die.

Jehovah has the awful sentence pass'd,
Nor can that awful sentence be revers'd.
No; man has sinned, and man shall surely die.
Death like a tyrant reigns, and conquers all;
By him there's no respect of persons shown;
The rich, the poor, the evil and the good,
The old and young, must yield alike to him;
To him the wise, the rev'rend head must bow;
Princes and kings are subject to his pow'r,
Nor can their glittering crowns ensure their
breath.

But O, let every human being know
He has a soul which never can expire—
Immortal!—This, hereafter must exist
In endless happiness or endless wo.

Alarming thought! O let me oft revolve
That I must shortly pass the dreary vale
Of death, and, at thine awful bar arraign'd,
Account for every past transaction here!
There will my final doom be fix'd and seal'd;
And O what joy, what transport, or what pain,
Will seize my soul, according to the test!—
If to the regions of despair consign'd,
O how surpris'd in horror should I stand!
How would the pangs of disappointment rend
My frightened ghost, if possible, in twain!—
What! to be banish'd from the God I love,
Whose favor and whose presence I esteem
Above the breath which feeds this vital frame?—
How should I take the last farewell of him
In whose communion I so richly share;
In whom I glory as my only joy!—

O let these gloomy, dreadful thoughts, begone !
 They wound my heart, they swell my sorrows
 high,
 And, if indulg'd, would frantic turn my brain.

Why should despair invade ? Are not my
 hopes,
 My solid hopes of never-ending joy,
 Built on the Rock of Ages, firm and sure ?
 And in those sacred hopes I will rejoice,
 Still hoping against hope, till hope shall say
 To full-enjoyment, " I give place to thee."

That Jesus, on whose faithfulness I rest,
 Will ne'er confound, nor put my hope to shame ;
 For 'tis the fruit of his unchanging love.
 Ne'er had I thought to build my hopes on him,
 Ne'er had I known or lov'd his worthy name,
 Had I not his thoughts of love first fix'd on me.
 I therefore know, I fear, I hope, I love,
 Because attracted first by love divine.
 What, then, shall rob me of my joy in him ?
 Not pain, nor death, nor all the powers of hell.
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? And where thy
 victory, Grave ?

V.

" The time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

THE time is short—how awful is the sound !
 Come, thou eternal Spirit, from above,
 And help me to improve it to thy praise !

•

O solemn thought ! Time soon will be no
more;
Short, very short, on earth must be my stay.

Eternity approaches.—Let me ask,
Art thou, my soul, preparing for thy change ?
The time is short, but thou canst never die—
Thou art immortal ! and thou must survive
Sun, moon and stars, and all created things.
The time is short, and thou must soon away,
And at the bar of God's tribunal stand ;
And what ?—O think—what then will be thy
doom ?
Wilt thou, complete, stand there before thy
Judge,
Cloth'd in a Saviour's spotless righteousness,
Renew'd and justified by sov'reign grace ?
Will he who sees thy secret springs of thought,
Who weighs designs unform'd, and tries the
reins,
Will he of thy integrity approve ?
O will he, with a smile, pronounce thee bless'd,
And bid thee welcome to eternal joy ?—
Or wilt thou there a hypocrite be found,
Unsanctified, a stranger to his love
Who died for sinners on th' accursed tree ?
Tremendous then, indeed, will be thy case ;
O how wilt thou, a guilty, frightened ghost,
Stand there before a sin-avenging God,
Till, with a curse, he thrust thee down to hell !

The time is short.—O shun deceit and guile !
Work out thine own salvation now, with fear.

Nothing but pure sincerity will stand
With him whose name is Holy, Just and True.

The time is short.—O may this solemn truth
Alarm and quicken all my drowsy powers !
Lord, write it on the table of my heart,
And let the impression wear a lasting date.

The time is short.—Be serious, O my soul !
Eternity now calls for every thought.
No more let trifling, sublunary things,
Steal thy attention from its vast concerns.

The time is short.—Bid carelessness adieu,
Let levity forever stand condemn'd,
Since thou of that a strict account must give.

The time is short.—Improve the fleeting hours ;
Do what thou canst for God, and never tire,
But praise his holy name for each employ.

The time is short.—How pleasing is the sound
To one who longs for perfect holiness ;
To one that sets communion with his God
Above the highest pleasures mortals know !

The time is short.—O let my soul rejoice !
I soon shall bid farewell to every sin,
From all temptations find a sweet release.
My feeble pulse proclaims the time is short,
And every pain reiterates the sound :
Yes, while convulsions shake my dying frame,
It well confirms me in the joyful truth.

The time is short.—Let all be on their guard ;
Lord, keep me ever in a watchful frame,

That I may welcome death when thou shalt call,
And sing and triumph in its near approach.

VI.

A SHORT DIALOGUE BETWEEN MYSELF AND MY SOUL.

SOUL.

"O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!"—*Jer.* ix. 1.

SELF.

BUT why, my soul, so much dispos'd to
grieve!

Why wouldst thou spend thy days and nights in
tears?

Why is thy harp upon the willows hung,

And why is ev'ry string to sorrow tun'd?

What, is there nothing worthy of thy joys?

Will not the cheering sun invite a smile?

Will not the common mercies of the day

Excite an evening song of gratitude?

Are not the wonders of redeeming love

Worthy thy grateful and adoring thoughts?

Or hast thou lost thy once delightful share

In blessings so reviving, so divine?

How canst thou lift thy streaming eyes to heav'n,

And bid at once farewell to all its joys?

Stop, O my soul, I tremble at the thought,

My life expires—I charge thee to forbear.

SOUL.

Ah, foolish mortal! loath to understand,
And still more loath to share in sacred grief!

Come, learn my meaning, and thou shalt confess
'Tis right that I should mourn till life expires.
I own Jehovah's kind and bounteous hand
In every mercy that thou dost receive ;
And 'tis thy vile, thy base ingratitude,
That sinks my drooping spirits to the ground.
The words of thankfulness thy lips pronounce,
But O how seldom is thy heart engag'd
In solemn acts of gratitude and praise !
How wand'ring, O how vain are all thy thoughts !
How sensual, O how earthly is thy mind !
How far from God, thy chief, thy only good !
How much deceit, hypocrisy and guile
Have I discover'd in thy words and ways !
O blush, and be asham'd, and join to mourn
A heart so carnal, so unsanctified !
Where is thy faith, thy fear, or love of God,
Thy resignation to his holy will ?
Where is thy zeal for him who died for thee ?
Where thy obedience to his just commands ?

SELF.

Desist, my soul ! I feel conviction strong ;
At length I yield—I can hold out no more.
O that my head were waters, and mine eyes
A flowing fount of penitential tears,
That I might mourn for sin with constant grief !

SOUL.

Affected for a moment ! but how soon
Will this thy grief to negligence be turn'd ?
Thine instability I've cause to mourn.
Just like a feather, driven to and fro

With every breath of air, thou waverest;
 How soon puff'd up and borne away by pride;
 What lust, what envy, O what vain desires,
 What vile affections from the heart proceed!

SELF.

Wretch that I am! Where shall I hide my
 head?
 O'ercome with guilt, O whither shall I flee?

SOUL.

To Jesus, as thy Saviour and thy Lord.
 His pow'ful blood can conquer every sin,
 And purify a heart unclean as thine.

VII.

"Wo is me, for I am undone!"—*Isa. vi. 5.*

WHY, sin, hast thou deprav'd my nature
 thus?

Why hast thou left me helpless and undone?
 Infernal sorc'ress!—Thy bewitching lure
 Its wretched captives into ruin draws,
 And oft, too oft, eternally destroys.
 Thou art my worst, my most inveterate foe;
 With thee I now proclaim eternal war,
 Nor shall thy gilded bait of worldly bliss
 Prevail on me to treat thee as a friend.
 Betray'd by thee, my soul hath undergone
 The loss of more than language can express,
 Through thee primeval rectitude is fled,
 My zeal unnerv'd, my faculties deprav'd.
 Through thee—O sad and lamentable thought!—

I've lost my title to eternal life ;
I've lost the favor of my sov'reign Judge,
Sweet intercourse with him no more to hold.
I've lost my glitt'ring crown of innocence—
My inward, solid peace—my holy joy—
My ease—my health—my heaven—and my all—
I'm lost to all that's sacred and divine :
Lost to myself, and to my Maker lost ;
Lost in myself, without one gleam of hope.

O wretched state ! What ! lost for evermore ?
Is there no kind deliverer to be found ?
Are souls in sin's inexplicable maze
So lost that hope of restoration fails ?
Well then may I this lamentation take :
" Wo, wo is me, for I am quite undone !"
Well may I, trembling and astonish'd, ask,
How shall my soul escape the wrath to come ?—

But, hark ! what friendly voice is that I hear ?
Attend, my soul !—from heaven, methinks it
sounds,
And words like these consolatory speaks :—
" Take comfort, sinner ! for thy help is found ;
'Tis found in him whose mercy knows no bounds.
Dismiss each tim'rous, each desponding thought ;
The lost are those whom Jesus came to save.
He is the only new and living way
Whereby thou canst deliverance expect
From all thy pungent misery and wo ;
Come as the chief of sinners to his throne,
Lost and undone, and wretched as thou art ;
Come, plead his merits, and he will restore
That peace and joy which passeth human thought.

He'll re-instamp his image on thy soul ;
 With wisdom furnish thee to will and do
 Whate'er his evangelic word requires.
 He'll bring thee to his feet, and thou shalt find
 Freedom and favor, and protection there.
 In him shall be thy righteousness and strength,
 And thou shalt wear the jewels of his grace :
 Thy soul shall prosper and be found in health,
 For he shall be thy peace, thy joy, thy life ;
 Thy happiness in him shall be complete."

O blessed news !—my hopes shall anchor here.
 Jesus, to thee, as perishing, I come ;
 On thee I venture my eternal all :
 My faith shall in thy promises confide,
 Till glory far exceeds my vast desires.

VIII.

"Lord, where are thy former loving-kindnesses?"—*Ps. lxxxix. 49.*

WHILE I am call'd to reason, Lord, with
 thee,
 I fain would at the humblest distance bow ;
 Rememb'ring what I was, and whence I sprung,
 And what I still remain, and what thou art,
 Who art the Sov'reign, free and uncontroll'd,
 Acting in all things as it well becomes
 A God of spotless holiness and truth.
 Once to demand of thee a strict account
 Is more than seraphs or archangels dare ;
 Yea, such a thought would make those spirits
 blush ;
 O let me, then, forbear !—I am but dust,

A sinner; yea, of sinners I am chief;
Less than a worm, and viler than the earth.
What shall I say to thee, thou Judge Supreme!
Of whose bright excellence I can't conceive:
Whose being and whose grandeur's far above
Conceptions finite, when most highly rais'd.
O were it not for Jesus as my plea,
I dare not ope my mouth before thy throne,
I dare not lift my guilty eyes to heaven.
Through faith in his atoning blood I dare,
In his great name, I dare presume to ask,
Lord, where is now thy loving-kindness fled?
Where are those favors that I once enjoy'd?
Where those refreshing cordials of thy love?
I call to mind those past, delightful hours,
When I, beneath thy smile, could call thee mine;
When I could rest and triumph in thy love,
And laugh at Satan and his conquer'd rage.
But now, from day to day I'm left to mourn
Beneath thy frown, by unbelief enslav'd,
Shut up in darkness, where my gloomy thoughts
Are hov'ring on the borders of despair.

O why didst thou so hastily depart?
Didst thou not know that all my happiness
Was centred in thy favor and thy smile?
Why from my soul dost thou so long withdraw?
Why leave me thus opprest with outward woes,
Depriv'd of strength by thine afflicting hand,
By pain depriv'd almost of common sense?
O let me plead thy past, indulgent care!
Thou hast sustain'd my soul in all my woes;
My strength in all my weakness thou hast been,
My ease in pain, my fullness in my wants;

And must my soul no more these favors share ?
 Must I no more on earth enjoy thy smile ?
 Then let me die, that I may see thy face ;
 I'd welcome death in all its frightful forms,
 Could I but gain one look of love from thee.
 Not life, nor health, nor friends can satisfy
 This soul of mine, which thirsts alone for God.
 When, thou dear Jesus, shall I find thee near ?
 I'm all impatience for the happy day.

IX.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—*Ps. cxxi. 1.*

UP to th' eternal hills I lift my eyes,
 Those holy hills whence every blessing
 springs,
 Where Jesus, my triumphant conq'ror, lives ;
 Those sacred hills where God, the Judge of all,
 In majesty and glory, reigns supreme,
 Exalted far above my highest thoughts :
 Those glorious hills, where all perfection dwells,
 Where saints and angels sweetly harmonize
 And sing, in strains ineffably sublime,
 The matchless wonders of redeeming grace.
 O let my faith ascend on Pisgah's top,
 And please my eager soul with brighter views !
 O blessed hills of never-fading joy !
 O happy mansions of eternal rest !
 Thrice happy they whose pious souls are fled,
 And landed safely on those flow'ry banks !
 With them my fainting spirit would retire.
 There Jesus, as my Advocate, appears,
 In him, in him alone, my help is found ;

He bought my ransom with his precious blood,
He bore my sins on the accursed tree ;
Let everlasting honors crown his head !

Jesus, to thee I lift my longing eyes,
On thee alone my expectations wait,
And thou canst far surpass my soul's desires :
Thou art acquainted with my numerous woes,
Thou know'st my wants, my sorrows, and my
fears,
O send me consolation's friendly balm !
Help me to cast my every care on thee ,
Thine own almighty arm can well sustain
This weak, unworthy, guilty, wretched soul.
O let thy wisdom silence each complaint,
And turn my sighs to songs of thankfulness.
Adoring thoughts of thee I would maintain,
And in affliction's furnace give thee praise.
Help me upon thy faithfulness to rest,
To feed upon thy promises divine,
That I may grow in knowledge and in grace ;
O help my faith to look within the veil !
That I may still endure as seeing thee,
Whose presence is far dearer to my soul
Than life, with all its transitory joys.
O help me, Lord ! I'm impotence itself,
Expos'd to Satan's cruel rage I stand ;
I sojourn in a vain, ensnaring world,
Where dangers numberless in ambush lie :
O guard and keep my soul from ev'ry snare !
Help me to shun the dang'rous paths of sin ;
Nor let me once disgrace those blessed truths
I now profess to honor and believe !
Keep me, my dear Redeemer, by t^hy power,

On things eternal my affections place ;
 Let not my tribulations cast me down,
 But make me more than conq'ror over all.
 Thou Helper of the helpless, hear my cries,
 And lead me to those everlasting hills,
 That I, with all thy saints, may comprehend
 More of that love no mortal can describe,
 That love of thine I feel within my breast.

X.

"Thou art my hiding-place ; thou shalt preserve me from trouble ; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—*Ps.* xxxii. 7.

WHO would not fear thee, O thou King of
 saints !

Who would not love and glorify thy name ?
 Who would not place their confidence in thee,
 Thou just, thou faithful, cov'nant-keeping God !

O could th' unthinking world but once conceive
 Or taste the pleasures of a holy life,
 How would they cast their trifling toys away,
 And strive to make this happiness their own !
 But they are strangers to the God I serve,
 And cannot intermeddle with my joys ;
 From such I must withdraw and hide myself,
 I cannot treat them as my bosom friends.

But stop, my soul ! for I must drop a tear
 Before I leave them to their wretched choice :
 Is there compassion in this heart of mine ?
 Then why, O why should I restrain it here,
 And rob its proper objects of their due ?—
 Now let my thoughts to God again return.

Lord, draw me nearer to thy blessed self—
Thou art my hope, my fortress, and my tower;
My rock, my refuge, and my hiding-place:
Thou shalt defend, thou shalt preserve my soul
From all the curses of a blinded mind,
From all the abounding errors of this age,
From all the conscious pains that Deists know;
Thou shalt preserve me from th' Arminian's
shame,
From all the horrors Antinomians feel.
Thou shalt preserve me, O my gracious God!
From Satan's threat'ning, fascinating snares,
And from the dangers of my tender years.
Thou shalt preserve me from deceit and guile,
From all the woes on hypocrites denounc'd,
From all the evils of this wretched world:
And when my follies move thee to chastise,
Thou shalt preserve my soul beneath thy rod;
Yea, thou shalt teach me to adore thy hand,
To sing, e'en then, of mercy and of love.

In every trial and in every strait
Thou shalt sustain, relieve and comfort me;
And when the awful hour of death arrives,
Thou shalt preserve me from its dreadful sting,
Shalt safe conduct me to those happy realms
Where I shall rest secure from each annoy,
And sing and triumph in redeeming grace:
There shalt thou sweetly compass me about
With songs of wisdom and supreme delight;
There shall my ravish'd eyes with wonder gaze
On him whose dying groans procur'd my joys.
O lazy Time!—why dost thou move so slow?

Make haste, and set my poor, impatient soul
Upon her native, much-desired land.

XI.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—*Ps. xxxvi. 9.*

WITH thee, thou great I AM, thou Just and
Wise,
Is the rich fountain of eternal life;
Indulge my soul, O Lord, with near access,
And let me drink of that eternal spring.
Was it prepar'd for sinners quite undone?
Behold, the chief of sinners is my name!
An humbling sense of my unworthiness
Is all the fitness that my soul can bring;
Jesus, to thee I send my earnest cries,
I plead thy free, thy rich, unbounded grace.
Didst thou not leave those shining realms above
And stretch thine arms upon th' accursed tree
To ope this fountain for my dying soul?
O help me to adore thy sacred name!
Teach me the value of thy precious blood!
How rich, how pow'rful must its virtue be,
To satisfy the justice of a GOD,
To quench the curses of his fiery law,
And work the sinner's robe of righteousness!
'Twas pure, 'twas holy, consecrated blood!
Nor could the smallest taint of sin be found
In that all-meritorious, wond'rous flood.
No; 'twas the blood of him who spread the skies;
Of him whose word this wide creation form'd;
Of him before whose presence Gabriel veils;

Of him whom all the heavenly hosts adore ;
Of him on whom I meditate, in wonder lost ;
Then blush, then weep, and try, though all in
vain,

T' express the pleasure and the pain I feel.
My soul with holy gratitude is fill'd,
While sympathy and grief my breast inspire.
O what indignant hatred does arise
Against the cursed murd'ers of my Lord !
'Twere you, my *sins*, that nail'd him to the tree ;
'Twas you, my *pride* ; 'twas you, my *discontent* ;
'Twas you, my *unbelief* ; my *vain desires*,
'Twere you ; and on you I will seek revenge.
Favor with me you seek in vain to find ;
You stand condemn'd, and must be crucified.
That blood which you so unrelenting shed,
Shall spoil your pow'r, and drive you from my
heart.

That Jesus whom your malice crucified,
Shall quite extinguish your malignant breath :
Yes, I shall live to see the joyful day,
And victory ! victory ! sing for evermore.

All glory to my high exalted Head,
Who with majestic sway triumphant reigns,
Who, as a new-slain Lamb, before the throne
Stands interceding for a guilty worm !
While in the fountain of his blood I bathe,
My hope revives, my faith grows strong and bold,
I feel new life, I sing, while devils roar,
And drink in consolations all divine.
How few my pains ! how light are all my woes !
Let me no more indulge a murm'ring thought.

Stay, Jesus, with my soul forever stay,
Nor let my wayward will once force thee to de-
part!

XII.

"I have learned that in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—*Phil. iv. 11.*

WHAT manly courage, what undaunted zeal
Inspir'd the great, the chief apostle's
breast!

He could for Jesus' sake sustain the cross
Of persecution, poverty and pain :
The lesson of contentment he had found,
And, as an humble scholar, learnt it well.

O happy man, in every state content ;
In all things well instructed from above !
'Twas grace, amazing grace ! taught him
know
Both how to be abas'd and to abound.
When pinch'd with hunger and exposed to shame
Grace to his mind calm resignation brought ;
He trusted in a God omnipotent,
And each infirmity became his song.
'Twas grace that kept his soul from ev'ry snare ;
From pride in fulness, and from fear in want.
He priz'd the favor of his cov'nant God
Above his food—above the smiles of men—
Above the honors of a dying world—
Above the countenance of lofty kings—
Above the choicest gold or richest gems—
Above the joys of sense—above his life.
Sweet peace with God his zealous mind enjoy'd ;

Nor could the powers of hell, with all their rage,
Deprive his soul of comfort so divine.

Here's an example worthy of desire ;
O could I but transcribe and make it mine !

But here I stand reprov'd, I blush with shame,
And mourn my vile and discontented heart,
Forgive me, O thou sin-forgiving God !
That I so much dishonor thy great name ;
Mingle my woes with all-sufficient grace,
And teach me resignation to thy will.

O thou in whom my strength and courage lies,
Open thine hand and give me what I ask !—
More ardent love to thee, my heaven, my all ;
To thee, in whom my happiness is plac'd ;
To thee, thou life of all my hopes and joys ;
Thou spring of these affectionate desires !
I'd love thee more amidst my sharpest pains,
I'd glorify thy name in all my wants,
And praise thee with my last expiring breath.
Could I but rule this foolish heart of mine,
I'd break at once the chain of every sin,
I'd tear away this veil of unbelief,
And wear dejection on my brow no more.
Haste, haste that happy, that delightful day,
When this vile body shall return to dust ;
When I in heaven shall see my Saviour's face,
And find me perfect in contentment there !

XIII.

“ And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.”—*Luke xvii. 5.*

THUS the apostles pray'd ; and, O my soul !
Do thou repeat the short petition o'er ;
Cry, Lord, increase my faith, and ev'ry grace,
That I may better please the God I love !

Jesus, thou Son of God, deny me not !
I ask a rich increase of things divine ;
O let me have a double portion here,
However small my share in meaner things !

The sure foundation thou, whereon I build
My solid hopes of everlasting life ;
Thou art the fountain of all real good,
And grace and glory fill thy lib'ral hand.

O make my faith more strong, more vig'rous
still,
That I may vanquish Satan's hellish crew ;
That I may conquer all my inbred lusts,
This world, and all that war against my soul !
Increase my faith, that I may own thee just,
And glorify thy name in all my woes.
Faith can enliven every other grace,
Can make me joyful in my sharpest pains ;
Lord, when I read the wonders faith has done,
I'm all impatience for its large increase.

With growing fervor I repeat the cry—
Why should I languish ? Lord, increase my
faith !
I long t' advance in holiness and love.

O for that faith which purifies the heart,
That faith which sweetly humbles all the mind,
And fills the soul with reverential fear!

Hear me, O Lord, nor let me pray in vain;
Increase my faith, that I may render praise,
And live a life more holy, more divine!

XIV.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—*Ps. xxiii. 1.*

O BLESSED words, and welcome to my
soul!

Jesus is mine! my cup of joy is full.

Yes; the great Lord of heaven and earth is
mine;

My Lord, my guide, my shepherd and my friend;
My righteousness, my wisdom and my strength!

In him I have enough; he is my all;

Rich are the pastures of his bleeding love;

All fulness dwells in him; I shall not want.

O lead me, Jesus, to the sacred field

Where thou by night and day dost watch thy
flock,

• And let my wand'ring eyes intensely gaze
On all the glories of thy person there!

O let my views of thee grow brighter still,

Till I in heaven shall see thee as thou art,

In all the unveil'd splendor of a God!

My thoughts would dwell forever on thy love;
How pleasing, how reviving is the theme!

O let my heart no more attempt to stray!

No more let unbelieving fears prevail;
I charge my sins and sorrows all, no more
To interrupt the pleasures of my soul.

Keep me, my shepherd, ever near thy side;
Engrave me on the palm of thy right hand,
And set me as a seal upon thy heart;
Bind, with love's strongest bands, my heart
 thine,
Nor let me dare to wander from thy fold.

Grateful, I trust thee, Lord! and can believe,
Whilst I rely on thy almighty aid,
My shepherd will not suffer me to err;
My shepherd knows, and will supply my wants.

XV.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."—
 Ps. xciv. 19.

HOW active, O how num'rous are my
 thoughts!

How hastily they fly from theme to theme!
Sometimes to heaven they take their airy flight,
Then down to hell as swiftly they descend,
Then round this habitable globe they rove,
Through seas and fertile fields, and deserts rude.
Sometimes I roll in affluence and pride,
Then to the depths of poverty go down,
Where I must beg my bread, or starve and die.
Sometimes I reach a monarch's stately throne,
Then to the meanest cottage I retire:
Through various scenes am hurried to and fro;
From health to sickness, and from life to death;

Yet in the midst of these unnumber'd thoughts,
Thy comforts, O my God ! delight my soul.

Thee, thou eternal Spirit, I adore,
Who taught me to aspire to things divine ;
Through whose free-agency I can arise
And bid adieu to all created things !
Yea, I can tread the world beneath my feet,
And, looking down, pronounce it vanity.
When wing'd with love to Jesus I can fly,
And, towering far above the azure skies,
Can unmolested triumph in his smile.
There I survey the wonders of his cross,
And count the blessings purchas'd by his blood ;
With his unerring word I there converse,
And rest secure upon his faithfulness.
His wisdom, justice, holiness and love,
Uniting in redemption's work I view,
Till meditation kindles into praise ;
Whilst in the multitude of pleasing thoughts,
Thy comforts, O my God ! delight my soul.

XVI.

"Come, LORD JESUS!"—*Rev. xxii. 20.*

COME, Jesus, thou Desire of nations, come ;
Come to my soul, and tell me thou art mine !
Come quickly, Lord ! for thee my spirits faint,
For thee I mourn, for thee I'm all distress'd ;
O come, and tell me that I have a share
In all the blessings purchas'd by thy blood !

Come, for I want to tell thee all my woes,
And rest me in the arms of thy embrace.

Come now, and conquer all my unbelief,
Come and subdue these gloomy doubts and fears ;
Come, and enrich my soul with every grace,
And teach me all the wonders of thy love ;
O come, and manifest thyself to me,
And let thine absence grieve my soul no more.

Come quickly, Lord, and melt my heart for sin ;
O give me true repentance—'tis thy gift—
And with repentance bring my pardon seal'd.
Thou God incarnate, come ! I long to gaze
Upon thy wounded hands, thy pierced side,
And weep o'er those memorials of my sin.

Come, and enlarge my soul before thy throne !
I want more freedom there, more near access
To thee, on whom alone my bliss depends.

Come, Lord, and take my soul, with all its
powers ;
Allure my heart, and let it all be thine,
So shall my thoughts be ever fix'd on thee.

Come, Lord, and give me conquest o'er the
world ;
Above its joys and sorrows let me rise :
I would no more lie grov'ling in the dust,
But live a life, like angels, quite divine.
But, Oh ! it cannot be while sin remains,
And mixes in each duty I perform !
It cannot be in this imperfect state.
O death ! how much art thou to be desir'd,
Since thou, and thou alone, canst set me free
From all the filthy, latent springs of sin

Which work incessant in the carnal mind,
In that which is unsanctified as yet,
Till thou thy friendly office shalt perform.

Come, Jesus, and assist me to aspire
To such degrees of grace and holiness
As shall prepare me for that great event :
O come, and cleanse my soul from every sin,
And ever keep me from its dreadful pow'r.
I would be holy, as 'tis thy command,
Yea, Lord, I would be holy as thou art :
Do I not love thee for thy holiness,
Because thou art a just, a faithful God ?
More of thy purity I fain would know,
More of thine image I would fain receive ;
Come, and sustain my soul in all my woes ;
Make me in all things to thy will resign'd,
That I may ever tread impatience down,
And grieve the Spirit of thy grace no more.

Jesus, with all the ardor of my soul
I now invite and call thee to my breast ;
O hear my earnest cry, and haste away !
Leap o'er the horrid mountains of my sins,
Skip o'er the hills of my unworthiness,
Like lightning, let thy presence all destroy ;
O come, and with thy glory fill my soul !

THE
SUPPLEMENT.

I.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night."—*Ps.* lxxvii. 6.

LORD, in thy mercy I rejoice,
To thee I'd frame a thankful song;
O tune my heart, assist my voice,
And let thy love inspire my tongue!

Grateful, I bow before thy throne,
And praise thee for thy chast'ning rod;
Righteous art thou, and thou alone,
Thou faithful, cov'nant-keeping God.

Hadst thou not scourg'd this sinful frame,
Hadst thou not all my suff'rings chose,
No songs of honor to thy name
Would from my thoughtless heart arose.

But while I call my griefs to mind,
And read the songs which thou hast given,
I can pronounce thee good and kind,
And raise my grateful thoughts to heav'n.

Yes, Lord, I thank thee from my heart
For all my poverty and pains,
Since thou by them has deign'd t' impart
Divine instruction to my reins.

Jesus, do thou forever be
All over glorious in my sight ;
O let me still confide in thee,
And have a song for every night !

II.

"Ye shall have a song as in the night."—*Is.* xxx. 29.

TAKE courage, O my soul ! and rest
By faith upon thy Saviour's breast ;
He is thy Prophet, Priest and King,
From whom all consolation spring.

In him the promises were made
For thy support, thy present aid ;
In him, all precious they endure,
Yea and amen, forever sure.

Lord, I adore thy wond'rous grace
While I thy promises embrace ;
I taste their sweetness, feel their pow'r,
And triumph in the darkest hour.

And dost thou still engage to cheer
My fainting heart with joys sincere ?
Wilt thou thy gracious word fulfill,
And crown my head with blessings still ?

Wilt thou still comfort and sustain,
Still bless and sanctify each pain ?

Still rule, with government so mild,
Thy sickly, weak and helpless child ?

Wilt thou indulge me from above
With brighter views of Jesus' love ?
Shall I in him find pure delight,
And have a song as in the night ?

O for a more enlarged frame,
A heart to glorify his name !
To him unceasing praise belong,
Who with his blood bought every song.

III.

" Full of grace and truth."—John i. 14.

HOW welcome is this news
To souls oppress'd with fear,
Why, sinner, why wilt thou refuse
To leave thy burden here ?

Is Jesus full of grace ?
Then why dost thou complain ?
O ! why refuse to seek his face,
His favor to obtain ?

And why shouldst thou, my soul,
Go mourning all thy days ?—
Lord, let thy grace my fears control,
And fill my mouth with praise.

Revive my fainting heart
With thy forgiving love :
Haste, Lord, and grace for grace impart,
And fix my thoughts above.

I thirst, I pant, I long
For brighter views of thee ;
O let me join the heavenly throng,
And all thy glory see.

There I in lofty strains
Shall sing and never tire ;
Forget my weaknesses and pains,
And all thy works admire.

IV.

"We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii. 1

THANKS to thy name, thou God of love,
For such an Advocate above,
Who can defend thy righteous laws,
And plead my soul's unrighteous cause.

Yes ; for he bore my guilt and shame,
Obey'd and suffer'd in my name ;
He offer'd up himself to me,
And pleads that off'ring now with thee.

He pleads both law and justice too,
And gives them both their proper due ;
Yea, truth is honor'd by his grace
Before the bold accuser's face.

As my all-wise and gracious Friend,
He pleads against that hellish fiend ;
The Judge approves his ev'ry plea,
And sets the guilty sinner free.

The sinners wonder and adore—
O let me doubt his love no more !

My weaknesses he kindly bears,
And pities all my sighs and tears.

This is the Advocate and King,
Whose power and faithfulness I sing ;
His pow'r with God can never fail ;
Whene'er he pleads he must prevail.

V.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—*Lk.* xl. 29.

LORD, I'm a faint a feeble worm,
But thou hast power divine ;
Then let thine own almighty arm
Sustain this soul of mine.

Pity my weakness, gracious God,
And this kind word fulfill ;
O give me strength to bear thy rod,
To suffer all thy will !

I ask for pow'r to hope and fear,
For pow'r to seek thy face ;
Pow'r to suppress each sinful care,
To trust thy promis'd grace.

Increase my strength, thou God of might,
In weakness make me strong ;
And in this dark and gloomy night
Afford my soul a song.

Why should my thoughts in sadness rest,
Why murmur and repine ?—

Bring resignation to my breast,
With peace and joy divine.

Helpless, I cast my cares on thee,
Thou wilt regard my cries ;
I shall ere long thy glory see,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Till then my faith shall keep her hold
On Jesus' righteousness ;
His grace can make the fearful bold,
Yea, joyful in distress.

VI.

" The law is spiritual."—*Rom. vii. 14.*

THE law of God is just,
A strict and holy way ;
And he that would escape the curse,
Must all the law obey.

Not one vain thought must rise,
Not one unclean desire ;
He must be holy, just and wise,
Who keeps the law entire.

If in one point he fails
In thought, in word or deed ;
The curses of the law prevails,
And rests upon his head.

Now let me bring my heart,
And with the law compare,
And ask, if I in ev'ry part
Have paid obedience there ?

I tremble and retreat ;
Behold, O God ! I'm vile :
Guilty, I fall before thy feet,
And own my nature's soil.

Lord, I have broke thy law ;
I now lament my sin :
Still I offend in all I do,
I'm carnal and unclean.

And does the curse still rest
Upon my guilty head ?
No ; Jesus—let his name be blest !—
Hath borne it in my stead.

He hath fulfill'd the law,
And bought my peace with God ;
'Tis here my soul her comforts draw,
And leaves her heavy load.

VII.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—*Matt. vi. 32.*

IS God my Father and my Friend ?
Then why, my soul, these heavy sighs ?
O let thy hopes on him depend,
And he will send thee fresh supplies.

Arise, arise, and seek his face,
Nor mind what carnal reason saith !
The God of providence and grace
Now calls on thee to live by faith.

He knows the weakness of thy frame,
He knows thy wants, he sees thy woes ;

Then, O, let his endearing name
Of Father, all thy thoughts compose !

Trust in his faithful, tender care,
Lay all thy gloomy fears aside,
For in his love thou hast a share ;
Thy heavenly Father will provide.

He feeds the ravens when they cry,
He clothes the lilies of the field ;
And will he pass his children by,
Whom he hath sanctified and seal'd ?

No ; he has bowels for the poor,
Whose heart and hopes are fix'd above ;
Who wait as beggars at his door,
And rest on his unchanging love.

On him I cast my ev'ry care,
He is my Father, rich and grand ;
For earth, and all its treasures, are
At the disposal of his hand.

Yea, he is ruler of the skies,
And Lord of that bright world above,
Where I, ere long, shall feast my eyes,
And sing and shout redeeming love.

VIII.

" He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly."—*Prov. xiv. 17.*

CHRISTIAN, examine well thy mind ;
Ask, is my soul to wrath inclin'd ?
Thus home the matter bring ;
Am I so foolish, so unwise,

To let my angry passions rise
At ev'ry trifling thing ?

I tell thee, in Jehovah's fear,
Thou dost, if thou art guilty here,
Thine own disgrace procure ;
Thou dost in this dishonor God ;
Thou dost prepare thyself a rod,
And thou shalt smart as sure.

Then lay thy peevishness aside,
Let truth and meekness be thy guide
Through every stage of life ;
Let all thy conduct well agree
With what thou dost profess to be,
And thou shalt rest from strife.

IX.

OPENING MY NEW BIBLE.

" Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—
Ps. cxix. 18.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight !

Help me to love its Author more,
To seek thee day and night.

Ope thou mine eyes, enlarge my heart,
And make my faith more strong ;
So shall the precepts thou hast taught
Be my delighted song.

O may this word my thoughts engage
In each perplexing case ;
Help me to feed on ev'ry page,
And grow in ev'ry grace.

O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days !
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

X.

^a But Martha was cumbered," &c.—*Luke x. 40.*

BUT why did Martha take this load
While Jesus in her house abode ?
His visit never was design'd
To vex or interrupt her mind.
'Twas love that brought him to her door—
He sought her heart, and nothing more ;
He wanted no delicious fare,
Though his attendants crowded there.
But Martha's heart was much like mine,
Prone to mistake her Lord's design.
Her love, no doubt, was quite sincere,
But she discover'd weakness here.
Perhaps 'twas pride possess'd her breast,

And urg'd her to set forth her best ;
She thought to have it told abroad
How well she entertain'd her Lord.
Methinks I see her, full of care,
Fond of attending here and there ;
But to suppress her vain desire,
Her strength and patience equal tire,
She calls her sister to assist ;
But here her careful aim is mist.
Mary is plac'd at Jesus' feet,
Nor will she quit her humble seat.
Now Martha's anger must appear ;
She thinks her Master deals severe,
Thus to indulge her sister's rest,
While she for help was quite distress.
" My Lord," said she, " have I a share
In thy compassion and thy care ?
Then chide my sister's idleness,
And bid her help to serve the guest."
Here Martha's pride receiv'd a blow,
Her Master's answer laid her low ;
O sure her heart was almost broke
When thus her dear Redeemer spoke !—
" Martha, thy anxious, troubled mind,
Is much to worldly cares confin'd ;
But think of this while here thou roll,
One thing is needful to thy soul ;
Mary in this good part rejoice,
And I commend her serious choice ;
While at my feet she loves to stay
There's none shall force her soul away."

O let this answer sound abroad—
Formality 's by God abhorr'd.

Let those who in his favor share,
 Of worldly-mindedness beware.
 Let Mary's happy choice be mine ;
 Let Jesus' love my heart entwine ;
 O let me at his feet be found,
 Whatever guest may me surround.
 I sojourn in a world of snares,
 Nor should my mind be free from cares ;
 Be this my care, in every place
 To glorify the God of grace ;
 Guard me, O God ! on ev'ry side,
 From all anxiety and pride ;
 Careless of praise, I'd seek to be
 Commended and approv'd by thee.

XI.

" And behold Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you ; and they answered him, The Lord bless thee."—*Ruth* ii. 4.

BEHOLD the man ! how humble is his mind ;
 How pleasant are his looks ! his word
 how kind !
 Methinks I see him in the harvest-field,
 Adoring Him who made the earth to yield ;
 Methinks I hear him to the reapers say,
 " The Lord be with and strengthen you to-day ;
 The Lord be with your spirits, as with mine,
 And sweetly lead your thoughts to things di-
 vine ;
 May he who has enrich'd this barren land,*
 Command a blessing on each lab'ring hand."

* It was the first harvest after a famine.

The reaping servants kept their humble place,
And yet rejoic'd to see their master's face ;
Methinks I hear them eagerly reply,
" The Lord Jehovah bless thee from on high ;
May ev'ry favor thou to us hast given
Be well rewarded by the King of heaven ;
May'st thou in thine own soul be richly bless'd,
And in thy harvest meet with great success."

Thus Boaz with gentleness his servants taught,
And they a blessing for their master sought.
Attend, ye masters, for I must pursue
My faithful plan, and turn from Boaz to you :
Away with all thy tyranny and pride,
Let meekness all your words and actions guide ;
O seek the blessing of an humble mind,
And let your servants prove you good and kind
Like Boaz of old, do you their welfare seek,
And in Jehovah's name as kindly speak ;
With them be neither trifling, vain, nor gay,
Yet be familiar in a prudent way ;
Encourage them in all they undertake,
So shall they love to labor for your sake ;
Direct, instruct, exhort them with delight,
And let their souls be precious in your sight ;
Let your example ev'ry vice reprove,
And you'll command both reverence and love :
O let that bright example Jesus gave
Teach you your duty to the meanest slave !
If he your pattern and instructor be,
You'll condescend to men of low degree.

XII.

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. —, UPON THEIR MARRIAGE.

DID Joshua solemnly record,
That he and his would serve the Lord ?
Do you, my friends, resolve anew,
That you and yours will serve him too ?
O let this be your chiefest care,
Your frequent and united prayer !
Sit hand in hand at Jesus' feet,
That he may bless your married state.
As a new scene of life employs,
Let new desires of grace arise,
That you may fill each duty's place,
And shine like saints in ev'ry grace.
Let seriousness attend your walk
In all your actions and your talk ;
Let each fulfil their part of love,
And blessings to each other prove ;
In all your joys, or griefs, or fears,
Strive to allay each other's cares ;
Inspir'd with grace and love divine,
Let ev'ry Christian temper shine ;
So shall your children love your word
When they are taught to fear the Lord ;
Your kind inspection let them share,
And watch them with a tender care.

Do thou thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
That Christ may dwell in house and heart ;
And let thy servants plainly prove
'That they are such as Jesus love.

XIII.

TO MRS. ———.

THE garment that you gave me, I admire ;
 It suits me, as I'm fond of neat attire ;
 And, should uncertain health admit, I'll wear
 This garment to the honor of your care.

At present, I must leave it, and pursue
 A nobler robe, which now presents my view.
 When your kind hand to me the favor brought,
 It led my thoughts to Jesus, as it ought.
 First, I survey'd my soul's sad nakedness,
 Then view'd a Saviour's spotless righteousness.
 O boundless love ! O grace ! both rich and free,
 This robe of righteousness was wrought for me :
 'Tis ev'ry way complete ; 'tis rich and grand,
 And needs no alteration at my hand.
 O blessed robe ! 'tis broad enough to hide
 My unbelief, and all my former pride.
 My soul rejoice when I its virtues view,
 And praise his name who made and gave it too.

XIV.

RETURNING A BORROWED BOOK, ON "THE HEAVENLY RACE."

"So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. ix. 24.

MADAM, I now return your little book,
 And thank you for the short, but pleasing
 look ;
 For though 'tis only for a trifle sold,
 'Tis more than worth its weight in shining gold.
 It was for slothful souls at first design'd,

And vastly suited my sad, sluggish mind.
 I read, I hope, with seriousness and care,
 And highly priz'd the truths I met with there.
 May I be taught to run this heavenly race ;
 (To run, indeed, I am resolv'd by grace ;)
 O may I run so as to win the crown,
 Nor tire, till I with angels sit me down !—
 Nor would I run this heavenly race alone ;
 Fain would I see the world aspire the throne.
 I'd have my friends and foes, and all agree
 To run this race, and strive to outrun me.
 Heaven, indeed, is worth our utmost pains ;
 O let us strive to reach those blissful plains !
 And if we meet the cross as Christians do,
 May we not faint, but run with patience through :
 O let us think of looking back no more,
 But run while Jesus shows an open door !
 Lest he in anger shut the heavenly gate,
 And tell us, with a frown, "'Tis now too late !"

XV.

TO THE REV. MR. ———.

Rev. Sir :

'TIS with a grateful view I now retire,
 And act agreeable to your desire :
 Amongst my dearest friends, you do, I find,
 Share in my thoughts, and dwell upon my mind :
 Nor need I plead excuse for this long pause,
 Since pain and sickness can defend my cause.
 But O, how wondrous great the debt of love
 I owe to Him who reigns supreme above !
 'Tis He alone who has preserv'd my breath,

And once more rais'd me from the gates of
death ;

He has reviv'd my dying frame again,
And given me strength to hold and guide my
pen ;

O may my few remaining hours, or days,
Be all improv'd to his eternal praise !

May I more faithful prove, more lively grow,
And daily more of Jesus seek to know.

May I more highly prize his precious blood,
And learn to walk more humbly with my God !

This let my unknown friend for me entreat,
Till I rejoice in holiness complete ;

Till I shall sigh no more, but sweetly rest
From all that now disturbs my panting breast.

In heaven's unmingled joys I hope to share,
And meet the tender-hearted ——— there :

Yes, there is your reward, both rich and free,
For every act of kindness done to me :

There He, whose cause you plead, whose name
you spread,

Will place a crown of glory on your head.

Let this, dear sir, your warm desires enlarge,
To win the souls committed to your charge ;

And may the mighty God in safety keep
The watchful shepherd and his tender sheep ;

May he your every public meeting bless,
And crown your faithful labors with success ;

May he in private duties make you know

How much of heaven may be enjoy'd below.

Thus may your latter days be blest indeed,

Till glory all your vast desires exceed ;

But while I sojourn here, I hope to be

Still honor'd with your friendship, pure and free.

I owe you thanks for granting me a share
 In your compassion, sympathy and care ;
 I freely render these, as justly due,
 And ask the favor of a line from you.
 I feel, dear sir, much heaviness of mind,
 Because I am, through weakness, still confin'd :
 O strive to put my pensive thoughts to shame,
 And teach me to maintain a cheerful frame !
 But, oh ! I tire ! Alas, my trembling hand !
 My weakness puts me to a sudden stand ;
 I must at present take a resting spell,
 And bid you, venerable sir, farewell.

S. H.

XVI.

TO MY UNKNOWN BENEFACTORS AT ———.

"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him,
 Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me,
 seeing I am a stranger."—*Ruth* ii. 10

THUS Ruth receiv'd the kindness of her friend,
 Who met her with a liberal heart and hand,
 And welcom'd her to glean upon his ground ;
 Where rich provision she in plenty found.
 Such unexpected favors, as appears,
 Refresh'd her heart and chas'd away her fears ;
 She reckon'd Boaz' kindness truly great,
 Thus to regard her in her low estate ;
 Strong were th' emotions of her grateful mind,
 Nor could she keep those grateful thoughts confin'd ;

Meekly she bow'd and ask'd him, with surprise,
"Why have I found such favor in thine eyes,
That thou shouldst thus incline to notice me,
Seeing I am a stranger unto thee?"

Thus did she honor him within the view
Both of the reapers and his servants too :
And all that read the pleasing story must
Confess that her acknowledgment was just.
Such acts of kindness should excite and raise
The poor receiver's gratitude and praise.

Then, O my friends ! permit me to confess
That I receiv'd your gifts with thankfulness :
Like Ruth, I would be grateful, and declare
How much I prize your tenderness and care ;
Your favors have refreshed me, and I find
My thoughts, like her's, too warm to be con-
fin'd.

Thankful I bow, and wonder at your love,
And ask the question as you read above.
I'm all unworthy of the smallest mite ;
Why have I found such favor in your sight ?
Why am I blest with such an ample share
In your compassion, sympathy and care ?
These unexpected favors tend to raise
My thoughts above, in gratitude and praise,
To Him who made my friends, both great and
small,

Who rules, and overrules, the hearts of all.
At his rich goodness I admiring stand,
And bless his kind and providential hand ;
O may his free, his condescending grace,
Shine brighter to my view in Jesus' face !

I want a gale from heaven, a gale divine,
To rouse this drowsy, lukewarm soul of mine.

I wish my dear, though unknown, friends may
be

More earnest at the throne of grace for me :
I'm oft oppress'd with gloomy doubts and fears,
And often deal with sighs, and groans, and
tears ;

I meet with many sorrows in my way ;
My outward weakness tries me night and day ;
I am as yet a pris'ner close confin'd,
But hope my sweet release will soon be sign'd.

Farewell, my kind and worthy friends ! adieu !
Mercy and peace be multiplied to you !

S. H.

XVII.

" O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity."—*Ps.* cxviii. 25.

O WHAT are all the best designs*
To work upon rebellious minds !
'Tis not by might, or pow'r, or word,
But by the Spirit of the Lord ;
'Tis only his own power that can
Subdue the stubborn will of man :
Then let my faith address his throne,
And ask success of him alone.
Bless this attempt, O God of grace !
To ev'ry soul, in ev'ry place ;

* Referring to a small piece she wrote in the time of the Revolutionary war, entitled, " A Call to Britain ;" many thousands of which were sold in a short space.

Do thou prosperity ordain,
That none may hear or read in vain.

This I request in Jesus' name ;
His glory is my highest aim.
O, for his sake, let sinners be
Converted from their sins, to thee !
Do thou my warm desires succeed,
And make **THIS CALL** a call indeed !
Weak as it is, thy pow'rful hand
Can make it useful to the land.

Pity the nation's deep distress,
And work its peace in righteousness.
Now for prosperity I pray ;
Send it, O Lord, without delay !

XVIII.

"I am as a wonder unto many: let my mouth be filled with thy praise, and with thy honor all the day."—*Ps. lxxi. 7, 8.*

LORD, help me to come near thy seat,
And there again let wonders meet :
I am a wonder, but I know
'Tis thou alone that makes me so.
What shall I say ?—thy hand has wrought
Such wonders as exceed my thought.
Wonders !—Nor can I answer more ;
I must sit silent, and adore.
My God, how wondrous is thy pow'r,
That kept me in the darkest hour ;
Which help'd me to hold fast my hope,
And bore so long my courage up !—
'Twas wondrous mercy, rich and free,

That I could then confide in thee.
Hadst thou not kept me by thy grace,
I should have curs'd thee to thy face.
How often, Lord, I cannot tell,
Did my ungrateful heart rebel ?
But thou as often didst compose
And calm each murm'ring thought that rose.
How oft did Satan fright my soul ?
But thou didst all his rage control,
And mad'st his vile temptations prove
The helpers of my faith and love.
O let my mouth be fill'd with praise,
And with thy honor all my days ;
Assist my willing soul to frame
New songs of glory to thy name !

Jesus, my never-failing friend,
Who doth to all my groans attend,
Forever shall thy kindness be
Remember'd and extoll'd by me.
Though thou hast made my flesh to smart,
And pain'd my head and griev'd my heart,
'Twas all in mercy, now I see,
That such sad months were writ for me.
I'll plead thy cause, my righteous God,
For thou hast taught me by thy rod ;
I know thee better than before,
I fear, I love, I trust thee more.

Father, I'm not ashamed to tell
The world that thou dost all things well.
Yes ; I will still thy hand confess,
And glory in thy faithfulness.

To thee myself I now resign ;
Take me !—I'll be forever thine.
And aim to lift thy glories high,
To love and praise thee till I die.*

* This piece was dated October, 1783, in the MS., and appears to have been the last time of her using a pen.

A
REMARKABLE SCENE

IN THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE writer, hearing she had left her place and was very ill at her mother's, called upon her as a neighbor, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, 1773, and found her weak and low, upon a couch. He asked her what the doctor thought of her case. She replied, "He feared she was decayed."

Q. "But what do you think of your disease yourself?"

A. "I have for some time given up all thoughts of living."

Q. "If so, how are your thoughts respecting another world?"

A. "I am in the dark as to that."

Q. "Have you any hope that it will go well with you for eternity?"

A. "If I had, I think I could gladly depart; for I have for some time seen an emptiness in this present world."

Q. "Have not I noticed you as serious and attentive at public worship?"

A. "At times it has been so; for I have frequently had convictions, but they have been like the morn-cloud; sin and vanity have stifled them again and again."

Q. "But as you have attended an evangelical ministry, I trust you are acquainted with the way of salvation, and how a poor sinner is to be accepted of God."

A. "Yes, blessed be his name! I do know the way; and if I did but know I was in the way, I could die quietly."

Then she entered into the cause of her doubts and fears, which greatly encouraged me; as she spoke of her heart like one that was deeply acquainted with its sinfulness and depravity.

Q. "Why did not you open the state of your mind to somebody who might, under God, have given you counsel?"

A. "I could not speak before this to any one, but as I have now told you something of my state, I hope you will come and see me as often as you can while I am here, as I expect it will not be long; and pray for me, that I may be brought to know Jesus Christ and his precious salvation, so as it may go well with me after death."

My soul rejoiced, and after spending some time in prayer, I left her, believing God would manifest himself to one that seemed so truly humbled and sensible. Business would not permit my visiting her again till the Saturday evening following, when she was taken to her chamber and bed, expecting, as she said, to go no more down, till carried in her coffin. Inquiring

into the present state of her mind, her answer was to this effect :

“ Better, something, through mercy. I begin to see some glimmering of hope, that, vile and unworthy as I am, I shall obtain divine favor through Christ Jesus. I gather from the Word, he is as willing as he is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. I desire to look to him alone, and would wait to see his salvation. Oh ! that he would please to give me some token of his favor, some pledge of my being interested in his blood and righteousness, that, before I go hence, I may be helped to say, ‘ He hath loved me, and given himself for me.’ Oh ! how pleasant would death be then.”

This reply opened a door for conversation upon the precious things that pertain to eternal life and godliness ; and pleasing it was to find so young a person, and one whose days had been spent, as it were, in obscurity, able to speak so judiciously upon the great and fundamental things of God. After prayer I departed, finding my own soul refreshed ; and the next day, being the Sabbath, went again, and, at going to the bedside, she said :

“ I am glad to see you ; now I have good news to tell you. God does verily hear and answer prayer. I have found what I wanted, and can now die in peace. Oh, what a discovery has been made to me since I saw you ! About four o'clock this morning, as I lay sleepless, and was lamenting over my guilt and

sinfulness, the Lord, of his infinite mercy, gave me faith to look to 'the blood of sprinkling;' and I was helped to lay hold on Jesus, as my only Saviour; and now, methinks, I am clothed with his righteousness. What grace and mercy to so sinful and worthless a creature!"

Having said this, notwithstanding her bodily weakness, she burst out into a flow of such sublime ascriptions of praise as cannot be repeated without injuring their beauty. Recovering herself, she said to a person that was near:

"You prayed last night, that I might have a good Sabbath to-day; and a Sabbath indeed I have had! such an one as I never expected in this world; but I believe it is the beginning of a long one, even an eternal Sabbath. Sure I cannot live till the return of another; my heart and flesh seems to be failing as fast as my pulse beats; 'but God,'—blessed be his name!—'is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.'"

Then she laid still awhile; and, after taking something to moisten her mouth, she said:

"'Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

I left her for some time, but came again in the evening, and found her youngest brother in tears, she having, I was told, been taking an affecting leave of him; and seeing her mother weep also, she entreated her to desist, saying, "You wound my heart. Will you grieve because I am going to be freed from sin, and made

happy with God?" — then said, "But I have another brother to take leave of; ask him to come near." He came; and she said unto him in this wise:—"Dear brother! you see me in a dying situation; I shall soon be removed out of your sight; take an exhortation from me now, and remember it. Do not you, as I have too much done, spend your time in sin and vanity; but remember you must die. Think, therefore, about your precious soul, which can never die. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth—seek an interest in Jesus Christ, who alone can save you from the wrath to come—make conscience of secret prayer. The Lord has done great things for me, and he is ready to do as much for you; his grace is free; only seek him, and you will find he is willing and able to do for you above what you can ask or think. And do, my dear brother! promise me these things, that, God helping you, you will in future avoid bad company. I know your occupation exposes you to temptations of this kind, but do you shun the way of the wicked; eat not of their dainties; for though they live merry now, sorrow is the consequence of sin. Abstain from lying, cursing and swearing—keep under your irregular passions—remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—obey your master and those you are under—honor your mother, and be kind unto her—think of the many troubles she has gone through, and do not you add unto them." Having spent herself, she stopped to take breath; then said, looking earnestly on him—"And will

you, brother, take my advice?—will you remember my words?”—then turning her eyes from him, she lifted them up to God, and cried, “Lord, do thou help him! do thou teach him these things!—he will not, he cannot do them of himself, any more than I could.” She then shook him by the hand, and said, “Farewell, farewell, my dear brother! I expect to see you no more in this world.” He being gone, her discourse turned on her natural sinfulness and helplessness, after which she spoke of Christ, his power and willingness to save, in such an exalted manner as ashamed and overwhelmed me. Her words were spoken in a low voice, but a mighty power seemed to attend them.

She continued in this frame till Thursday evening. The doctor, and all that saw her, thought her to be dying during that time; but late that night she asked for something to eat, though she had had neither food nor sleep of consequence for three weeks before. She ate; and after eating, fell asleep. From this time she began to amend; and, as her body gathered strength, so her abounding consolations and ability for speaking gradually decayed; but a sweet savor and relish of those happy days continued, with a proper sense how much she was indebted to free grace for what she then enjoyed. In about a month's time she was able to leave her chamber. I then asked her how she fared with the prospect of living. She replied, “I seem to myself as one awakened out of a pleasing dream, or like one that has met with a great

disappointment. I thought I was just entering the port of heaven ; but now I find I must go back to the world again. I will be content, as it is the will of God. O that I may be helped to live to his praise ! I fear, indeed, to be engaged in the things of this world again ; but he that brought me out of darkness into light, is able to keep me from evil. To him would I look, and on him would I trust."

What follow are a few of her many observations during those five days in which she was so eminently favored with the presence and Spirit of God ; for the writer had only now and then an opportunity of hearing the gracious words she uttered. But he would first observe, notwithstanding she was so full of divine things, yet she well knew when to speak of them, and when to be silent ; and, as a proof that she was in her right mind, he took notice she always suited her discourse to her company ; and if any were present that she thought would despise experimental religion she would be silent, or say but little, and that about things in general, which most allow to be of importance in their serious moments ; but whatever disposition any might be of, they could not help being serious if they came near her in those days. The following is one instance. An exceeding light and gay young woman coming to her bedside, she looked wistfully at her some time, then said, "What ! are you come to see me ? Be persuaded to lay aside your vanities, because you must die as well as myself, though you may live a little longer than

I shall." The manner in which she spoke these few words caused the young woman to burst into tears and turn away. I asked her if she knew that person; she replied, "I wish I had not; she has been a snare to me."

Asking for a little wine, while it was warming, she said: "Wine will not cheer me now as it used to do; it has lost its strengthening virtue to me; but, blessed be God! there is virtue yet in Jesus' blood; inexhaustible virtue—virtue, I find, that gladdens my heart;—this is wine that maketh glad the heart of God and man."

One who was a fellow-servant in the family she lived in last, and which she left on account of her bad state of health, coming to see her, wept; she said, "Weep not; I know you are a seeker of Jesus. I have been a witness of your tears, and you of mine; but now my tears are turned into joy, and so I trust will yours, sooner or later. I was of a sorrowful spirit as well as you, and I had cause for sorrow, through my follies. Indeed, sometimes I appeared cheerful, but it was put on; now, glory be to God! I have true joy, and feel such inward peace as passeth all understanding; be you, therefore, encouraged; for if you have slighted convictions, I have done the same—if you have trifled away precious time, so have I—if you have been slow of heart to believe, I more—but through rich grace I have obtained mercy; why may not you? You can but be the chief of sinners—as such I went to God, and found him merciful and gra-

cious—a God pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin.

To another she said—"Live by faith on the Son of God. I have not lived so—if I had, I should not have had so many fears and doubts as I labored under at the beginning of my illness. It is good living by faith, but better dying in faith, and the best of all, when faith shall be turned into sight, and hope into enjoyment. O what will that be! In heaven we shall see such things as eye hath not seen nor ear heard of. We shall see God in majesty—the Lamb of God—the angels of God—the redeemed of the Lord. . . . What is their work? All praise. Methinks I shall sing the loudest. My song, I'm sure, must be 'Grace! grace!'"

At a time when several friends were present, she said,—“I have not sung for some time.” One said it might injure her head. She replied, “No, it will not. Sing Dr. Watts’ hymn, “How sweet and awful is the place,” &c.; and, after that was sung softly, the hymn, “Come let us join our cheerful songs,” &c.; but none could sing with her; her voice sounded like something more than human, and while she sung she waved her arm, as if bowing before the throne in heaven. At last the company left off trying. “Well,” said she, “if you will not help me, I must sing by myself, I cannot forbear;” then she broke out, though quite softly, with words and tune that neither of us had ever heard before, and we left her in astonishment. This

was evening. The next morning I was informed she continued singing in that manner great part of the night, though she seemed at intervals to be actually dying.

At another time she spoke of the infinite majesty of God, as if she had a view of his unveiled glory. I must not attempt to repeat her words; but, she having dwelt upon his nature, perfection and attributes, went on, speaking of the characters, names and titles given him in the scriptures, in such a manner as was truly surprising, and which made the heart to glow.

Often she laid for a considerable time together as if in deep meditation; then would mention some sweet text, giving it a concise and pithy paraphrase.

Once, as she was speaking on justification, a friend said: "Then you do not expect to be saved by good works." She replied: "I cast them all aside, and count them as dung, that I may be found in Christ; nevertheless, I esteem holiness, desire more of it, and long for the time when I shall cease from sin. But," (recollecting herself,) "I do trust in good works, and expect to be saved by them. I do not mean those of my own, but the works of righteousness wrought by Christ Jesus;—his doing and dying—his obedience and sufferings—these are the works I trust in and depend upon; and on these any poor broken-hearted sinner may quietly venture his eternal all."

At another time, when a little wine was offered, she said, "Christ, when he was dying, had vine-

gar and gall given him, instead of wine;—not only vinegar, which is sour, but gall, that is bitter, and both mingled together. He drank the sour and bitter that I might have the sweet." Here she greatly enlarged on the passion and death of Christ, adding, "By his death he procured for me, and you, and you, and you, (pointing to different friends that stood near her,) not only pardon and reconciliation, but heaven also, which I hope soon to enter upon, and you will quickly follow."

A neighbor, overhearing her speak, and not understanding what she heard, reported that she was mad. On being told of this, she cried—"Lord! more of this madness give to me and her," and added, "it was said of him that spake as never man spake, 'he is beside himself, yea, he hath a devil;' but I hope I do not say anything unbecoming; I know I do not speak of myself; for when in health I could scarce speak at all about sacred things; it is God that gives me matter and words. To him be all the glory; not unto me—not unto vile, unworthy me, but

"To him that earth's foundations laid,
Be everlasting honors paid."

Two fearful and timorous friends being once present, it was asked her if her language might not discourage them. She answered, "I think the contrary; they ought to be encouraged; they can be but destitute of all that is good, and full of evil, and I was so; therefore, as God hath shown me favor, I think it is an argument for

them to lift up the hands that hang down." One said, "few are favored like you in a dying season." She replied; "Some have their sun set in a cloud; and if the Lord should hide his face from me before I leave this world, O may I be helped to trust in him! They that are born again shall die safe, if not comfortable; for 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;' they are not pure in their own eyes; but in his sight, they that appear so to themselves are vile in his esteem."

Noticing how long it was since she had been at public worship, she said: "I should like to worship him in his earthly courts again; but I had rather behold him face to face—I had much rather cast my crown before him in heaven, and see the King in his beauty there; yet I desire to wait the appointed time, till my change shall come. This body must die before I can see him; then shall I 'behold his face in righteousness,' and never, never sin any more."

From this specimen may it not fairly be inferred that there is such a thing as divine influence; that there is a reality in religion; and that *that* must be worthy every one's pursuit which will afford such tranquillity, peace and joy, in the prospect of dissolving nature?

Her not dying when she, her friends and the faculty thought she would, does not argue against what has been related; but the strong consolations with which she was favored exhibit the merciful loving-kindness of God, in preparing her thereby to endure with patience those suffer-

ings she was so long exercised with ; and which at last reduced her to a mere skeleton ; yet was her mind so calm, that she whispered, the day before she left this world, "I cannot talk ; but I shall soon sing **THERE**;" (pointing towards heaven.)

Her remains were interred in Tacket Street burial-ground, in Ipswich, over which is the following inscription :—

SUSANNA HARRISON

DIED, AUGUST 3, 1784,

AGED XXXIII.



DURING TWELVE YEARS' AFFLICTION

SHE DISCOVERED A GRACIOUS SPIRIT,

AND WAS THE AUTHOR OF

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT;"

BY WHICH SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.



Pause here one moment, thou that readest this ;
 She still would point thee to eternal bliss.
 Her soul betimes *the Friend of sinners* sought ;
 She found him gracious, and his grace she taught ;
 Her state was humble, but her faith was true,
 And what she sung, she sung from what she knew :
 Her themes, her songs, were full of love divine ;
 Reflect, and make, like her, religion thine !

A T A B L E

OF THE FIRST LINES.



ALL glory belongs to Jesus alone,	70
Am I indeed born from above ?	56
Arise, my soul, to Jesus fly,	84
Attend, my soul, and trembling hear,	26
Awake, my heart ! my soul, arise !	11
Away, my doubts ! begone, my fears !	81
Begone, my worldly cares, away !	10
Behold, he comes, the Saviour comes,	39
Be merciful, O God, to me,	61
Bring all the brutish and unwise,	99
By holiness and watchful care,	47
Chasten'd I am from day to day,	108
Christian, wouldst thou in grace excel,	52
Come, each desponding, drooping soul,	64
Come, O my doubting soul, attend,	62
Come, view the field of love divine,	17
Condemn me not, most gracious God,	31
Deceivers will affect t' appear,	49
'Gainst thee, thou Holy, Just and Wise,	121
God of my days, God of my nights,	10
God and his law are my delight,	30
Good news these blessed words impart.	20
Grace will to every duty bind,	53

Haste that delightful, awful day,	91
Hear this, ye fav'rites of the Lord,	132
High in the heavens doth God reside,	45
How are my powers all tuned to mourn,	94
How oft doth beauty lead to sin,	126
How should the morning of my days,	9
How suitable this word to me,	101
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Is Jesus evermore the same?	18
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Jesus, I now address thy throne,	131
Jesus, my Advocate and King,	95
Jesus, my hiding-place thou art,	100
Jesus my mourning soul doth lead,	110
Jesus, the great, the mighty God,	24
Jesus, thou God of nations, bend,	129
Jesus, thy love is still my theme,	80
Jesus, when I can see thy face,	107
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Let all the heavenly hosts rejoice,	71
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Let me lie prostrate on the ground,	91
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Let others, wrapt in self-conceit,	40
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Look unto me, the Saviour cries,	42

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Lord, captivate my every thought,	51
Lord, I confess my guilt and shame,	66
Lord, is not this my own desire,	57
Lord, is it not my soul's desire,	72
Lord, search and try this heart of mine,	25
Lord, 'tis enough, at length I own,	67
Lord, what am I without thy love?	58
My God, for I can call thee mine,	113
My God, how restless is my mind!	84
My life declines, my strength is gone,	87
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No man nor angel can compare,	78
No more of works I vainly boast,	68
Now have I spent in sighs and tears,	92
Now let me from this world retire,	137
Now let my faith grow strong, and plead,	72
Now let my faith look through her fears,	14
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Now may the God of boundless grace,	16
Now shall my soul adore the grace,	109
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O could I find some peaceful bower,	134
O could I to Jerus'lem go,	86
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Oft, great God, I've heard of thee,	28
Oft has my soul in secret bless'd,	34
O God, how mournful is my case!	103
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O let Jehovah's liberal hand,	125
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O thou, who shin'st in bright abode,	8
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Salvation's work is done,	39
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Tell me no more of earthly toys,	116
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This blessing, Lord, to me impart,	46
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Thou art acquainted with my heart,	65
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Thou God of justice and of grace,	32
'Tis my Beloved's awful voice,	136
To God I'd seek in each distress,	104
To him that brought salvation nigh,	38
To him, to him whose love hath wrought,	23
To thee again, my gracious God,	130
To thee, my God, I make my moan,	102
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Tremble, my soul, fall down before,	35
Turn, O my soul, from Moses turn,	41
Unfertile, intricate and strange,	75
Well may I groan beneath thy stroke,	33
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When will my sweet release be sign'd,	88
Where is the understanding heart,	54
Where shall I go, but to my Lord?	86

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Why should the dread of sinful man,	48
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O blessed words, and welcome to my soul!	166
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The time is short—how awful is the sound!	148
Thus the apostles pray'd, and, O my soul,	165
Up to the eternal hills I lift my eyes,	157
What manly courage, what undaunted zeal,	163
While I am called to reason, Lord, with thee,	155
Who would not fear thee, O thou King of saints!	159
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Why, sin, hast thou depriv'd my nature thus?	153
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Lord, help me to come near thy seat,	191
Lord, I'm a faint, a feeble worm,	175
Lord, in thy mercy I rejoice,	171
Madam, I now return your little book,	185
O what are all the best designs,	190
Take courage, O my soul! and rest,	172
Thanks to thy name, thou God of love,	174
The garment that you gave me, I admire,	185
The law of God is just,	176
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